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RHODESIA: A GINGERLY DIPLOMACY DANIEL I. FINE

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LETTERS

our familiar dictators

Eugene, Ore.

What your Latin America correspondent, Penny Lernoux, documents so well in "The Somozas of Nicaragua" [*The Nation*, July 23-30] comes as no surprise to anyone in the Department of State or anyone with the slightest knowledge about Latin America. The same kind of U.S. colonialism operated with respect to Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Venezuela and other countries when I served two terms in Congress back in the late 1950s. The plain fact is that U.S. funds support such tyrannies because they make certain U.S. corporations richer, cooperate with our military, vote with us in the United Nations and pretend to join with us in the fight against "world communism."

President Carter has eloquently made his position clear about human rights. Now we need to see action and compliance—action with respect to our policies toward Nicaragua, Iran, Mexico and many other countries where we in effect sponsor and support murder, torture and corruption.

It is not a question of our "interfering." It is a question of our ceasing to subsidize and treat as respectable leaders who care nothing for human rights. *Charles O. Porter*

"age of 5"

Chicago, Ill.

A more thoughtful presentation of the pros and cons of the issue of homosexual rights should be expected of *The Nation* than you gave it in your issue of July 9-16 [editorial, "Out of the Closet"].

When you mention "some studies" and "most authorities" (the latter an overstatement) that agree that a person's sexuality is formed by the age of 5, you might at least mention the uncertainties of adolescence, which make a great many "authorities" hesitate over opening the high schools to teachers who might make an alternative life style attractive to the suggestible.

That "age of 5" theory can be a nice cop-out for people who find responsibility too great a burden to bear when tempted by kids who seem to be going their way but might not if left to grow out of a period which at least one major authority in the field considers normally homosexual. *Helen Bugbee*

more on the Spanish vote

New York City

Our compliments on your fine editorial ["Spain: The Socialist Initiative," July 2] and particularly the way you exposed the misleading manner in which the mass media reported on the elections.

We have obtained from the July 3rd issue of *Cambio 16*, the Spanish newsweekly, more complete statistics than were available to you when you wrote. They indicate that your analysis was based on more solid evidence than you may have thought. All the Left parties together outpolled the rightist parties, 8,978,639 (52.76 percent) to 7,728,490 (47.14 percent), based on the counting of 97 percent of the ballots.

Also significant, given the fact that democratic-minded Spaniards hope that the new parliament will write a new constitution embodying a speedy and complete break with Francoism and the full restoration of true democracy, is the fact that the parties taking such a position received 9,286,250 votes (54.57 percent) to 7,728,490 votes (45.43 percent) for the rightists who support Suarez's go-slow "reform" of Francoist institutions, or who want no change.

We commend you once again for your long-standing, unequaled support for the democratic cause in Spain.

Eric W. Schmidt, Executive Secretary
U.S. Committee for a Democratic Spain

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EDITORIALS

The True Coin of Freedom

This is the story of a free trade union which caused its government to cancel a proposed loan to a Latin American country because the union's own investigation showed that the effect of the loan would be to strengthen a dictatorial regime and thus tighten the bonds around the workers of that country. It was a principled moral action. It was based on a serious idea of the meaning of "human rights." It involved the sacrifice of financial gain by the country that canceled the loan. It was as encouraging an act in support of democracy in the world as has happened in a long time.

Was it an American trade union that in this way influenced the government of the United States? Unfortunately, the answer is no. Even more regrettably, we must add, it is inconceivable that American labor, in its present posture and under its existing leadership, would have behaved in such a sound and even virtuous way. Before drawing the appropriate conclusions from that assertion, consider the facts and circumstances of the event abstractly summarized above.

The proposed loan of some $33 million was to have gone from the British Government to the State Mining Corporation of Bolivia. It would have financed the purchase of modern mining equipment, thus helping hard-pressed Britain's export balance and the workers who would have made the machinery. But Britain's National Union of Mineworkers, aware of the repressive behavior of the Bolivian military dictatorship toward its workers, sent three NUM officials to Bolivia (in the guise of tourists) to gather at first hand material for a report to its members and to the British Government on the likely effects of the proposed loan.

The report was devastating. It documented the conclusion that the loan would in no way lighten the lot of the oppressed miners of Bolivia and that it would, in general, widen the gap between rich and poor in that country. The situation of Bolivia's miners, bad enough for years under a harsh military dictatorship, was drastically worsened after the miners participated in last year's general strike.

The NUM's observers concluded, in the words of its General Secretary, Lawrence Daly, that the proposed equipment loan "would have merely strengthened the possibility of a dictatorial regime denying human rights to the miners." That view was seconded by the British organizations War on Want and the Catholic Institute for International Relations. It became the strongly held policy of the Ministry of Overseas Development, headed by Mrs. Judith Hart. She succeeded in persuading her colleagues in the British Labour government of the sense and justice of this position, despite the sacrifice it would entail, and the Bolivian mine modernization loan was turned down.

It was a classic case of the application of sound principles on "human rights," as against the largely verbal support of those principles that we hear so often from the Carter administration.

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How would George Meany, Inc., have acted in these circumstances? The answer is quite clear, based on the dismal record of the AFL-CIO in Latin America. Operating (and that is the word) through the American Institute for Free Labor Development (AIFLD)—a special project of the CIA, financially supported by it and other U.S. agencies—U.S. Big Labor has a long, dark history of support for the official, and therefore "anti-Communist," labor fronts of the right-wing military regimes of Latin America. The theory has been that American labor has thus helped to keep the virus of "world communism" of the Russian or Castro strain from infecting the workers of our Latin neighbors. The actual effect has been to prop up the harsh, corrupt and wildly inefficient regimes in the Southern Hemisphere by helping to repress any kind of labor movement that could be called "free."

Meany's "Free Labor" AIFLD has often worked hand in glove with the repressive juntas that control four-fifths of Latin America, dictatorial regimes whose leaders were trained and indoctrinated by the CIA. American labor has thus helped to tighten the screws on its oppressed "comrades" in Latin America. It is a shameful record that George Meany and his allies in the "intelligence community" have written.

But will the Meany leadership be shamed by the principled behavior of British Labour in the matter of the Bolivian loan? Of course not, because it is shameless in the name of anti-communism and the alleged strategic interests of the United States. It will take a gale-force wind of change to alter the policies of the AFL-CIO toward its brutal allies in the dictatorships of Latin America.

An End to Meany's Veto

In contrast with the above story comes the tortured tale of how the Carter administration and the Congress were forced—ironically enough, by that hodgepodge of good intentions, the human rights "basket" of the Helsinki agreements—to expunge at least partially one of the uglier stains on our own human rights record. The result is that Jacques Tregaro, a high official of France's Communist-dominated General Confederation of Labor, has been granted a visa to attend an American union convention. Tregaro's visa ends a decades-long embargo on visits by "Communist" (he is not a member of the C.P.) labor representatives—a ban created by the notorious McCarran-Walter Immigration and Nationality Act of 1952 and policed by George Meany and his fellow ideologues in the AFL-CIO.

Among the numerous racist and reactionary provisions of the McCarran Act is Section 212 (A) (28), which denies visas to immigrants or visitors who are or were members of "proscribed organizations," most notably Communist or anarchist. In order for such undesirables to receive visas, the Secretary of State must request a waiver (which is almost always granted) from the Attorney General. In recent years the practice has been to request the waivers for most applicants, but never for Communist labor leaders (thanks to the Meany clique) or mem-

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bers of the Communist Parties of Western Europe. The hostility toward European Communists led to the scandalous exclusion last year of Sergio Segre, the Italian Communist foreign affairs expert, while Giorgio Almirante, an Italian neo-Fascist, was allowed to enter and confer with high-level officials in Washington.

The Soviet-bloc nations have long pointed—with reason—to the McCarran Act as a flagrant violation of our own insistence on freedom of speech and travel. This criticism was particularly embarrassing during the current preliminaries at Belgrade for the conference that will review compliance with the Helsinki accords. Carter and Congressional liberals, however, knew that amending the McCarran Act itself was impossible, since the amendment would never get past the Senate Judiciary Committee, run by the reactionary James Eastland. The reformers were therefore forced to execute what a certain ex-President would have called an end run.

The strategy was as follows: Senator McGovern offered an amendment to the State Department Authorization Bill which stated that in future the Secretary of State "shall" request a waiver every time a person who is excludable under Paragraph 28 requests a visa. The amendment passed the Senate, but was watered down in a House-Senate conference (partly as a result of Meany lobbying) to read that the Secretary of State "should" request the waiver. President Carter, already on record as supporting revision of the immigration procedures, signed the bill containing the little-noticed amendment on August 17. The amendment has no force of law but it conveys the sense of Congress, and there are strong indications that the State Department will construe its provisions as being mandatory.

The McGovern amendment specifically states that its purpose is to bring the United States into accord with the Helsinki human rights provisions. In this respect, however, it fails: the McCarran Act remains on the books, and the Secretary of State is therefore still theoretically *bound by law* to prevent certain people, solely on the ground of their political beliefs, from crossing our borders. Secretary Vance may well request waivers in all cases, but future Secretaries will be free to reverse his policy. Such a situation was bad enough in 1952; today it is appalling and ludicrous.

Nevertheless, Senator McGovern is to be congratulated on his artful effort. The arrival of the first delegation of Soviet labor officials to visit the country (such a group reportedly will be granted visas soon) should be welcomed as a symbol of the decline of the cold-war mania—and the end of George Meany's personal veto on which labor representatives abroad should be allowed to enter the United States.

The Jet Stream

Must Henry Kissinger's successor at the State Department toss in the turbulent wake of that famous world traveler? Are all these trips by Cyrus Vance really necessary, as they used to say during the gas-rationing days of World War II? The fashionable answer is No—he should stay in Washington and think, instead of jaunt; that, after all, is what he promised to do when Carter handed him his baton.

It is true that Vance's travels are beginning to rival Gulliver's, let alone Kissinger's. He has shuttled through the Mideast, jetted around Europe, looked up at the Kremlin and made the obligatory stop at Peking. And there is not a pact, treaty or even simple agreement to show for all that jet lag. So is the Secretary of State just wasting his time and boring his listeners with his running diplomatic travelogues? We doubt it. There is something to be said for Vance's strenuous journeying.

To begin with, this high-level junketeering has come to be expected of any American Secretary of State. Kissinger didn't originate this high-level tourism. John Foster Dulles, in the ancient days of propeller planes with half the speed of Air Force Two, was seldom on the ground. In the Eisenhower era, he was accused of "pactomania" because he seldom returned from a trip without a new alliance in his briefcase, signed and sealed, if not delivered. (They mostly melted away under the harsh sun.)

It would have seemed odd if not offensive of Vance to have sat at his desk and merely telephoned (or even occasionally written) his opposite numbers among the 149 members of the United Nations. In the Middle East, for example, the Arab leaders have come to expect "house calls" from the U.S. Secretary of State, in Mary McGrory's phrase, and they might have sulked if Vance had not sat down to a mint tea with them, one by one.

There is even a serious side to this matter of Secretarial travel. We are inextricably stuck in the period of personal diplomacy. The Summit is the peak of it, by definition, but the vis-à-vis, in the language which used to be diplomacy's, is also inescapable, at much lower levels. Diplomats must stare into each other's eyes, or avert their gazes, blink (or fail to) before any of them can pretend to be practicing serious modern diplomacy. A cable is something to file, not to read. Even the "hot line" has lost its glamour. There is no longer a palaver without one eyeball facing another.

Regrettable as this may seem to those who can recall a statelier style of diplomacy when ambassadors really mattered, this is the modern reality and it won't go away for the wishing. Cyrus Vance "has tux, will travel." All the world knows this and expects it of him. Bon voyage, Mr. Secretary.

Funny Money Banking

Bert Lance has turned into the figure of fun of the Carter administration. There's a daily Lance joke after each new revelation of the peculiarities of his banking habits. This powerful figure in the Carter hierarchy, unluckily for him, directs the Office of *Management* and *Budget* instead of something that would not call snickering attention to his most conspicuous failings. Even *Treasury* would not provoke as many giggles about his banking past as do the words behind the acronym OMB.

To become the butt of jokes can be fatal on the hardball playing fields of Washington. Cabinet-level officials are supposed to stand tall above all that. But the stream of new information on Banker Lance, which keeps flood-

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ing the press, gives rise to a farce of ineptness rather than a melodrama of scandal. And it must be said that the role of straight man for Lance is not an altogether becoming one for his close friend, the President. (It is hard not to chuckle at Carter's line after the release of the Comptroller of the Currency's ambiguous report on Lance's maze of borrowings: "Bert, I'm proud of you.")

Will Bert Lance, then, be laughed out of office? The signals from the White House all read negative on that one. Press Secretary Jody Powell spends half his time solemnly defending Lance's odd practices as a banker, rural and then urban. Every day he is required to come up with answers to questions on such matters as Lance simultaneously pledging the same securities to two different banks as collateral for large loans, which is generally frowned on when it is not called fraud in banking circles.

The Internal Revenue Service, that old nemesis, lurks down the road a piece, getting ready to judge whether there was any funny business in the way the Comptroller of the Currency (he was then "acting," but sought permanent appointment) dropped his probe of Lance's easy-going ways with overdrafts on his in-laws' Calhoun bank on the eve of his nomination as head of OMB.

The one defense of the embattled Lance that has not yet been heard is that "everyone does it." It could be that Richard M. Nixon and his crew exhausted the purging effect of that particular chestnut. We have said before that the Lance affair (should it be called a "caper"?) offers a splendid chance for Congress to look into the ways of all bankers, not just Bert Lance's eccentricities. Senator Proxmire, who happened to vote against Lance's confirmation and who generally casts a wary eye on bankers, is getting ready to do just that. Those should be interesting hearings, with Bert Lance as a star witness on the philosophy of sound banking practices.

Grand Juries & 'Human Rights'

The Carter administration's restrictive position on grand jury reform—which involves the right of a citizen to be free of inquisitorial prosecution—has added civil libertarians to the list of disappointed liberals who believe that "human rights" must be broadly defined.

As *Nation* readers well know (see "The Grand Jury Network," January 3, 1972, and "Kangaroo Grand Juries," November 19, 1973), grand juries have increasingly been used to pry information from witnesses who are deprived of virtually all constitutional protections, and who face long prison terms if they refuse to talk. The abuse of this investigatory power has given rise to a reform movement whose constituents range from General Motors through the American Bar Association to the ACLU. A bill now before Congress, sponsored by Rep. Joshua Eilberg (D., Pa.), would end the worst outrages, though even Eilberg recognizes that the bill may not go far enough. The Nixon and Ford administrations naturally fought such reform attempts. Less to be expected was Carter's opposition.

Yet in testimony before Eilberg's subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee, Asst. Atty. Gen. Benjamin Civiletti presented an official policy only marginally different from that offered last year by Ford's Attorney General, Edward Levi. The Eilberg bill requires recording of grand jury proceedings. Levi argued against this provision; Civiletti supports recording what *witnesses* say, but not what prosecutors say to the jury outside the witnesses' hearing—which can sharply and unfairly influence the jurors.

The Eilberg bill requires that witnesses be informed on four points: their Fifth Amendment rights, the broad subject of the investigation, whether the witness is a target, and what specific criminal indictments are being weighed. Levi opposed all four warnings; Civiletti would allow only the first two. The two men agree on other more important points, among them that witnesses should not have the right to have attorneys present, and that current rules governing the granting of immunity should be preserved.

The latter point is perhaps the most disturbing of all. Abuses of grand jury power largely grew out of the Nixon law-and-order mentality, embodied in the 1970 Organized Crime Control Act. The Act legislated the concept of "use immunity," under which a witness can be granted the kind of immunity that allows prosecution for the offense under investigation but with the feeble protection that testimony before the grand jury cannot be used against that witness. Before 1970, immunity was granted only rarely; today its use to coerce testimony has become routine.

It is bad enough that Attorney General Bell, speaking through Civiletti, should support oppressive prosecutorial powers. But the President himself had to decide the issue, because the ranks of the administration were so split, and he backed the hard-line position. This sharply reduces the chances for passage of a bill reforming grand jury procedures. The result will be the continued violation of many Americans' civil—read "human"—rights.

Brass Logic

This country's top soldier has felt it necessary to deny that the Joint Chiefs of Staff support the proposed Panama Canal treaty as an "act of loyalty to the President." Gen. George S. Brown, chairman of the JCS, declared that any such statements are "vicious accusations."

That is an astonishing remark, even from the malapropistic General. It must mean that the brass owe no "loyalty" to their Commander in Chief. To whom, then, do they owe it? Are we to understand that, in the words of the West Point motto, the military's "duty" is to "honor" some other leader of their "country" than its elected Chief Executive, designated by the Constitution as their Commander?

What General Brown was attempting, of course, was to make the Joint Chiefs' support of a treaty that would turn over control of this obsolescent and indefensible waterway to Panama in twenty-two years (while maintaining forever the U.S. right to defend it) seem like a purely military judgment, unaffected by other high policy considerations.

It is amazing and disheartening that the Panama treaty, an overdue act of common sense and simple justice, requires such grotesque distortions of logic.

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Bell Limits FBI Prosecutions

Athan Theoharis

Attorney General Bell's decision not to prosecute John Morley, the former Special Agent in Charge of the FBI New York field office with supervisory responsibility over the infamous Squad 47, raises a number of disturbing questions. Did the Attorney General capitulate to conservative political pressures when deciding to drop prosecution? Will he also decide not to prosecute John Kearney, the former FBI agent in the New York office of the bureau who has already been indicted for conducting the break-ins which Morley had personally authorized? Or did he attempt to prevent public disclosure, during trial proceedings, of FBI break-in policy and authority?

The rationale for nonprosecution—that agents had been acting in good faith and had been following long-accepted bureau procedure—clearly does not apply to break-ins conducted during 1971 and 1972. During 1975 Congressional testimony, FBI officials disclosed that J. Edgar Hoover had ordered break-ins terminated in July 1966. These officials further affirmed that, with the exception of "foreign intelligence" investigations, the FBI had ceased break-ins pursuant to Hoover's 1966 order.

In 1976, however, it was disclosed that FBI agents continued to conduct break-ins after Hoover's 1966 ban and that these continued as late as July 1976. Were these break-ins, including those authorized by Morley, in violation of Hoover's ban? If so, then Attorney General Bell's decision not to prosecute Morley appears inexplicable. How can the Attorney General establish discipline within the bureau if he does not prosecute high-level officials who continued to authorize illegal activities despite Hoover's 1966 order to terminate them? Or was the Attorney General's decision not to prosecute an attempt to cover up the fact that FBI break-ins continued after 1966 under new and more closely guarded procedures? Certain FBI documents and the recent statement of former FBI Asst. Dir. William Sullivan (once head of the bureau's Domestic Intelligence Division) strongly support the conclusion that the latter might very well be the case.

Although FBI Director Hoover on July 19, 1966 had ordered that "No more such techniques (break-ins) must be used," a January 6, 1967 memorandum suggests that this ban might have been less than total. Writing to Clyde Tolson and Cartha DeLoach, assistant directors of the FBI, Hoover stated:

> I note that *requests are still being made* by bureau officials for the use of "black bag" techniques. I have previously indicated that *I do not intend to approve any such requests in the future*, and, consequently, *no such recommendation should be submitted for approval* of such matters. This practice, which includes also surreptitious entrances upon premises of any kind, *will not meet with my approval in the future.* (Emphasis added.)

Having received "requests" for authorization since July 1966, had Hoover in January 1967 merely affirmed his formal intention not to authorize break-ins but nonetheless to permit their continuance? Significantly, in his January 1967 memorandum, Hoover did not repeat his ban and threaten to discipline those FBI agents who continued to request break-in authorization. The FBI Director had simply created an additional written record of his disapproval of this "technique."

During 1975 Congressional testimony, moreover, former FBI officials Charles Brennan and William Sullivan claimed that Hoover's concern had not been principled but derived from his fear that, having reached mandatory retirement age in 1965, revelations of FBI illegalities or improprieties might result in the termination of his tenure as FBI Director (extended by executive order of President Johnson). In August 1977, in addition, Sullivan claimed that Hoover had orally authorized continuance of break-ins during FBI investigations of radical organizations.

Sullivan's and Brennan's 1975 testimony and then Sullivan's 1977 statement cannot be dismissed as merely self-serving—Sullivan's 1977 statement was made during a demonstration by FBI agents seeking to pressure the Justice Department to drop the indictment of John Kearney. We should not, however, accept Sullivan's contention that this had been an "oral directive." Given our recently acquired knowledge of FBI record-keeping practices, we can expect that a written record exists of any such oral decision.

During the 1940s, FBI officials devised a series of separate file-keeping procedures in order to insure that a retrievable record of FBI illegal, sensitive or potentially embarrassing activities would not be created. These procedures included: *(1)* the "Do Not File" procedure for break-in requests and authorizations whereby such documents would not be serialized and thus could be destroyed without a written record having been created of their existence; *(2)* the pink slip/blue slip procedure outlined in a series of Hoover memorandums of 1940-43 to permit FBI agents to forward "sensitive" information of "informative value" to the FBI Director, which memorandums would not be serialized and thus could also be destroyed; and *(3)* "Bureau Bulletin" (Number 34 of July 8, 1949) directing FBI agents to include on the administrative page of their reports (and not the report itself) "facts and information which are considered of a nature not expedient to disseminate or would cause embarrassment to the bureau, if distributed."

If Hoover had orally authorized continuance of break-ins, undoubtedly this decision was recorded and a similar separate filing procedure was devised to safeguard this information, thereby enabling bureau officials to re-

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lease the July 1966 and January 1967 memorandums in the event that an FBI break-in would be discovered or that Congress would investigate bureau practices.

Attorney General Bell's decision not to prosecute Morley effectively precludes resolving these questions during trial proceedings. For that reason, the Attorney General has the responsibility to disclose how and why FBI break-ins continued after 1966. During his testimony this past spring before the House Subcommittee on Government Information and Individual Rights, moreover, the Attorney General said that he could not definitely state that the FBI did not continue to conduct break-ins. Bell promised the subcommittee that he intended to devise procedures to enable him in the future to assure Congress that this practice had been terminated. Our future confidence in the Attorney General's promised safeguards also requires answers to these questions about post-1966 FBI break-in policy and authority. □

RHODESIA: A GINGERLY DIPLOMACY

DANIEL I. FINE

The new U.S. foreign policy in southern Africa, as revealed last May 20 by Vice President Mondale, is already in trouble. Four months after Carter was inaugurated, the Kissinger era was finally terminated. There was a new policy but it was running up against familiar obstacles in Rhodesia.

Some of the difficulty lies in the nature of a protracted struggle within the policy-planning apparatus in which two distinct positions emerged. The first was "transitional" in the sense that it was a carry-over from Dr. Kissinger's southern African initiative last year, symbolized by the Carter decision to retain William Schaufele (Kissinger's key staff man on Africa at the State Department) as Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs. The second position was popularly associated with Ambassador Andrew Young but, behind the scene, Anthony Lake (Policy Planning Commission) was more significant as a decision-maker.

The Kissinger-Schaufele and Lake-Young "lines" on Rhodesia clashed early on. Kissinger-Schaufele argued for indirect encouragement to Ian Smith in his strategy of "internal settlement" without dealing with the African nationalist-guerrilla leaders who, he claimed, had disrupted the Geneva conference. From the beginning of the Carter Presidency, this line was opposed by Anthony Lake and others who argued that Smith must be told that the United States was opposed to any negotiations which excluded the Patriotic Front (representatives of African nationalist military forces at war with Rhodesia).

The Lake-Young group counter-argument, which became the official policy that is now having its first major test, holds that an "internal settlement" would isolate the Patriotic Front from the entire process of majority rule; this, they said, would leave its military forces no alternative but to expand guerrilla war into a civil war in which the white minority *and* "internal" African nationalists would be fighting on the same side. The Lake-Young position was that this would be intolerable to the Organization of African Unity (OAU) and thus a certain invitation to Cuban-Soviet intervention. The "internal settlement" would ultimately leave the white minority the leverage to influence the design of a multiracial political structure in which majority rule was qualified by weighted voting or some other informal device for white minority control. Finally, there was the risk that such a policy would be perceived as an act of bad faith by independent Africa, a monumental failure in terms of an anticipated new deal for Africa from the United States during the Presidency of Jimmy Carter.

There was a serious difference between the two positions over the issue of Rhodesian "compensation" versus Zimbabwean "development." Kissinger found that Ian Smith was responsive to a financial guarantee of white minority property values and pension vesting rights. While on the African shuttle last year, he cabled certain international economists in the State Department to draft such a plan. Although press reports suggested a total cost of billions of dollars and irresistible individual settlement sums to the Rhodesia whites, the State Department study transformed the original pay-off-the-white-settlers idea into a black-oriented development fund. Some twenty donor countries, including the Scandinavians, responded to this radically altered version. The Congressional Black Caucus meanwhile mobilized pressure against the original Kissinger conception, depicting it as a "white bail-out fund." After the defeat of President Ford, Kissinger quite naturally lost interest and the plan was shelved at the State Department.

The conversion of the Kissinger request into a Zimbabwe development fund which had important Congressional support put an end to the idea of lavish compensation schemes for the white minority. In fact, the latest version of this plan, discussed with Smith in July by the British-American diplomatic task force on Rhodesia (known as the Low-Graham group), has reportedly abandoned the extensive pension guarantees for Rhodesian civil servants. The original Kissinger agreement was far more advantageous financially to the settlers than those offered today, although a land settlement bank, similar to the British approach to the white farmers in Kenya, is still probable. Zimbabwean development, however, which calls for economic infrastructure investment in the interest of the black majority, is the new administration's sub-

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stitute for the old Kissinger-Schaufele international trust (compensatory) scheme.

It is quite likely that Ian Smith's rejection of the proposal by British U.N. Ambassador Ivor Richard for a second round at Geneva last January was partly based on Salisbury hopes that the new administration's decision to retain Schaufele indicated a continuation of Kissinger's policy toward Rhodesia. Since Smith claimed at Geneva that he had obtained a "contractual" guarantee from Kissinger that the Americans backed white minority control of the security and defense of an interim government before Zimbabwe independence, the retention of Schaufele was seen as allowing a hard position against any new concessions. It was not until May, therefore, that Prime Minister Vorster, after talks with Mondale at Vienna, understood that Washington had abandoned the Kissinger diplomacy in southern Africa.

From that moment, Ian Smith has pursued a dual strategy of (*1*) preparation for an "internal settlement" with nonmilitary African nationalists and tribal authorities; and (*2*) preliminary negotiation with the Anglo-American group initiative, which ended in July. Although Smith senses that the change in American foreign policy runs counter to his "internal settlement" game plan, he is convinced that the Kissinger-Schaufele "pragmatic" approach may yet prevail. This optimism in the face of the Mondale position at Vienna can only have come from expectations that South Africa would support him. And he obtained that support from Vorster, who has since denounced U.S. policy in southern Africa, during a meeting last month in Pretoria.

Smith may still not be convinced that the Carter administration has entirely abandoned the Kissinger-Schaufele bargaining approach to South Africa. Throughout his southern African initiative period last year, the ex-Secretary regarded Pretoria's support as indispensable to the attainment of a rapid negotiated settlement on Rhodesia. His approach to Vorster therefore was diplomatic and correct, in the manner of a major power cultivating an ally.

Jusp, Wir Bruckenbauer (Switzerland)
"Come On, Be a Sport."

References to majority rule were vague and minimal; apartheid was perfunctorily condemned when that seemed unavoidable. Given his well-known preference for short-term success, Kissinger turned to Vorster to put the required pressure on Rhodesia, and Ian Smith was ultimately brought to Pretoria to "surrender" to the American Secretary of State. Just one year later, Smith may now be exploring the other side of this coin: whatever South Africa decides on the strategy of "internal settlement," Washington will not intervene against South Africa because this would antagonize white Afrikaners into extremist domestic politics and bring about a "*laager* mentality" in Pretoria's foreign policy.

One of the principal differences between Lake-Young and Kissinger-Schaufele was over the United States's relations with South Africa. In the final analysis, the Kissinger-Schaufele position looked on Pretoria as a wrong-headed but useful ally in bringing African majorities to power in Rhodesia and Namibia. They naturally did not look ahead to the possibility that today's ally might become tomorrow's pariah (apartheid and human rights). In the Lake-Young view, which is now U.S. policy, Pretoria would abandon Rhodesia in the interests of its own national security and, as its relations with Mozambique demonstrate, accept that South Africa can live with revolutionary African socialism across its border.

The bombing of Woolworth's in Salisbury was a signal to Tanzania's Nyerere and to Carter that the Patriotic Front guerrilla army of Zimbabwe won't tolerate an "internal settlement" in which it would be excluded from power. The scale and effectiveness of urban violence in Rhodesia will influence the Rhodesian question from now on. Whatever the final contents of the Anglo-American package to be presented to Smith, it is clear that he is attempting to bring off the "internal settlement."

African nationalists who cooperate with him will doubtlessly be marked as enemies of the Patriotic Front and violence against them is predictable. Civil war between African nationalists offers a new lease on life for the scheme of white minority control within a black majority framework, since one or more of the black factions (Muzorewa, Sithole, Chirau or some combination of them) would be fighting with Smith. In this situation, Smith may have surmised, the other side would invite Cuban-Soviet intervention and at long last the white minority would be reconciled with the West in an "anti-Communist" struggle for Africa.

It is clear from his negative reaction to the Graham-Low consultation that Smith will oppose the universal franchise (one man, one vote) and will insist on the command superiority of the current Rhodesian armed forces in any relationship with African nationalist arms. The Anglo-American proposals, in their final form, no doubt will recommend the universal franchise, but perhaps a variant on defense and security. Given a clear mandate in the coming general elections, Smith will counter with an "internal settlement" consisting of minority-right "entrenched" clauses and restricted or weighted voting to maintain indirect control or even parity with the overwhelming African majority.

The Carter administration will then be faced with the choice of acquiescence (Kissinger-Schaufele) or interven-

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tion against Rhodesia and South Africa, at least in the form of pressures on trade and investment. If the administration chooses indirect intervention, or noncooperation, it will be supported by President Nyerere and thus the "Front-line" African states. If this "pre-emptive diplomacy" fails and Washington then does nothing, the Patriotic Front will fight on with the support of the Organization of African Unity and, as in Angola, with what would then be a right unopposed by its African neighbors to call for Cuban-Soviet support.

Even if this Communist aid did not materialize, the Carter administration would have exposed its new initiatives on the East African Horn (Ethiopia versus Somalia) to considerable risk. South Africa would be encouraged to resist internal reform. American "human rights" objectives in foreign policy, at least in Africa, would be jeopardized. On the other hand, if the administration does intervene, it will be criticized for imposing its political will, for aligning itself with the politics of United Nations sanctions, and for disruptive, high-risk political engineering (an OECD-European complaint).

The administration is faced with choosing between the democratic principle of universal franchise and an oligarchic principle based on franchise inequality according to racial criteria. But in the less abstract world of African nationalist politics, the choice is much less self-evident if the black majority in Rhodesia breaks both ways.

Nevertheless, the independence of white Rhodesia's politics and its economy depends on Vorster and South Africa. If South Africa's policy toward Salisbury encourages Smith to proclaim a *second* Unilateral Declaration of Independence, the Carter administration will have no other choice but to confront Pretoria directly. Although the issue would be South African policy toward Rhodesia, rather than South Africa's internal reform, American national interest may indeed call for the implementation of Vice President Mondale's policy declaration at Vienna in May: "I cannot rule out the possibility that the South African Government will not change, that our paths will diverge and our policies come into conflict. . . . In that event we would take steps true to our beliefs and values." □

JOHN FLYNT

FOX IN THE CHICKEN COOP

EDWARD ROEDER and ALAN BERLOW

The capsule biography in *The Almanac of American Politics* gives the vital statistics of John Flynt's career: Elected to Congress, 1954; born November 8, 1914, in Griffin, Ga.; present home—Griffin, Ga.; Methodist; U. of Georgia, law schools at Emory and George Washington U.; former Assistant U.S. Attorney; member of the Georgia House of Representatives. Committees: Standards of Official Conduct, Chairman. Appropriations, Subcommittee on Defense. . . ."

If the full story of Korean influence-buying on Capitol Hill is ever to be told, it will be told because of, or in spite of, John Flynt, chairman of the House Ethics Committee (officially, the Committee on Standards of Official Conduct).

Jack Flynt was raised and schooled on the same middle-Georgia turf that gave us Jimmy Carter, Griffin Bell, G. Harrold Carswell, former House Armed Services Committee Chairman Carl Vinson and Uncle Remus. He has never been a reformer; in fact he has never been a particularly activist member of Congress. He's a great respecter of power and institutions and authority—an establishmentarian's establishmentarian.

For his first twenty years in Congress, Flynt's district was safe and opposition was virtually nil. But he has had a vigorous Republican opponent in the last two elections, Newton Gingrich, a college geography professor who has attacked Flynt for a land deal with the Ford Motor Co., and for his anti-environmental voting record. (Flynt was named to the "Dirty Dozen" list of Congressmen targeted for defeat by Environmental Action last year, and given a vote approval rating of 0 by the League of Conservation Voters.)

The land deal with Ford is as good a starting point as any from which to view Flynt's sensitivity to ethical considerations. We don't know, of course, how many times Flynt has said "no" to the temptations which come the way of a Congressman. This was one time he said "yes."

Back in the fall of 1973, the Ford Motor Co. needed a place to store some of its 1973 models while awaiting the results of government-ordered testing on Ford's emission control equipment. A Ford official, the story goes, just happened to notice Flynt's farm while flying over the rural area south of Atlanta. Could Ford rent the land from Flynt for a fee? As Flynt told it to *The Washington Post*, he turned them down until Ford told him that unless he would rent his farm to Ford for storing cars, the nearby Ford assembly plant would have to be shut down. Rather than cause a massive layoff at the Ford plant, Flynt reluctantly agreed. And he didn't want the money, either. But Ford officials insisted. So Flynt rented his 12 acres to Ford for five weeks for $12,500, and went back up to Washington to attack the Clean Air Act. Ford obviously appreciated Flynt's efforts—two Ford executives contributed to Flynt's campaign, including Henry Ford himself (who chipped in $200).

Is it unethical for a Congressman to rent his land? To

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get paid more than the land is worth? To rent it to a firm with an intense interest in legislation before Congress? To advocate and vote for the interests of the corporation with which he is doing business? Flynt didn't think so, and not enough of the voters thought so to throw out of office their Congressman with twenty years' seniority. Flynt barely defeated Gingrich (by 51 to 49 percent) in 1974.

Immediately after returning to Washington with Gingrich's attacks on his ethics ringing in his ears Flynt was named chairman of the Ethics Committee. He hadn't wanted the job; in fact he had turned it down twice before Speaker Carl Albert imposed it on him. The Ethics Committee chairmanship is not sought by senior members of Congress, partly because most members would rather spend their time on issues that can get them votes at home, partly because the committee is the laughingstock of Washington, and partly because to take the job seriously would risk incurring the enmity of the powerful old men who run the Congress and who make or break the careers of men like John Flynt.

Ethics on Capitol Hill had been a sleeping ogre lulled by the Ethics Committee. But it was kicked awake by Watergate and the reaction to righteous posturing by House members during the impeachment inquiry and its aftermath. When Flynt took over as chairman, no one knew whether the ogre of ethics would go back to sleep or rise and rampage through the halls of Congress, crushing careers in its path. In fact, the ogre woke up and young reformers all over the country began campaigns, many of them successful, which attacked entrenched Congressmen for their hypocrisy on ethics.

No one who survived had come closer to being gobbled up by this ogre than John Flynt. In addition to blaming Flynt as Ethics Committee chairman for the sorry state of Congressional ethics in general, Gingrich attacked him again in 1976 on a personal ethics issue, another land deal, this one an apparent attempt to avoid local road construction taxes.

The city of Griffin decided to pave a short dirt road adjoining Flynt's home. One-third of the $12,000 cost was to be paid by the city and the remaining $8,000 was to be divided among the property owners whose land fronted on the road. Since Flynt owned all the land on one side of the road, he was to pay $4,000. But instead, he transferred to an aide in his Congressional office the title to a strip of land 5 feet wide and running the full 1,200-foot length of Flynt's property. The aide, who lived in the Washington, D.C. suburbs, refused to pay the taxes.

After the *Griffin Daily News* raised a fuss, an anonymous cashier's check mysteriously arrived at the local tax office to pay the bill, and Flynt took back title to his land. But Gingrich had his issue. He howled that the narrow strip of land was "the world's longest one-lane bowling alley," and he accused Flynt of a subterfuge to avoid paying the tax. Such behavior, said Gingrich, was unbefitting any member of Congress, let alone the Ethics Committee chairman. But again, Flynt stressed his seniority and narrowly won re-election in 1976, squeaking by with 51.7 percent of the vote on the coattails of his neighbor, Jimmy Carter. (Carter beat Ford by more than 2 to 1 in the district.)

Flynt's efforts to make or save money on his farm have been a recurring source of embarrassment to him. In 1973, the *Griffin Daily News* discovered that Flynt had been paying varying amounts from his Congressional payroll ($10,000 in 1973) to Joe Akin, a sharecropper who was managing Flynt's farm. While Akin was ostensibly an assistant office manager in Flynt's Griffin Congressional office, he was also signing Flynt's crop subsidy reports at the Agriculture Department.

It is worth a look at the positions which Flynt, as chairman of the Ethics Committee, has taken on questions bearing on his own conduct. For example, one of the scandals never investigated by his Ethics Committee was the published charges that major defense contractors such as Northrop, Remington and Rockwell International had taken members of Congress on free hunting trips to firm up their support for weapons systems appropriations. Twelve House members admitted to having accepted such trips, including five who are members of committees dealing with space or defense spending.

Flynt never ordered an investigation of these charges —he himself had accepted such a trip (from Rockwell), in violation of House Rule 43 which prohibits members from accepting "any gift of substantial value" from a firm with an interest in legislation before their committees or before Congress. Rockwell's interests before Congress and the Defense Appropriations Subcommittee on which Flynt sits are too numerous to list, but one of them, which Flynt has been boosting hard, is the B-1 bomber.

Flynt thus put himself in the unique position of having broken a House rule by accepting the hunting trip, having a conflict of interest in voting for the B-1, and having a conflict of interest in deciding whether or not to investigate his own activities. But if Flynt knows little of conflicts of interest, he knows a lot about conflict avoidance. By simply ignoring the issue, Flynt avoided the awkwardness of having to answer any of these troubling questions. Two days after Election Day 1976, Flynt accepted a $200 contribution from the Rockwell Good Government Committee, the company's political action fund. He ducked another scandal which could have touched him in 1976, when *The Wall Street Journal* ran several articles charging that many members of Congress had traveled to their districts by plane and then filed false travel vouchers claiming automobile mileage reimbursement (which comes to considerably more than the air fare). The articles also charged that members had claimed travel reimbursement pay for trips supposedly taken over periods of time when the members were recorded as having voted on the House floor. Why did Flynt's committee fail to investigate this fraud perpetrated against the taxpayers by members of Congress? One possible reason is to be found in Flynt's own travel records. He wasn't named in *The Wall Street Journal* articles, but Capitol Hill News Service found

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House records showing that Flynt billed the government for at least eleven automobile trips during periods he was recorded as voting on the House floor. Asked to explain, Flynt blamed it on his staff: "I would say that our office is less travel-voucher-conscious than just about any office on the Hill." Filing or certifying false travel vouchers is a felony under the U.S. criminal code.

Flynt has not only avoided Ethics Committee inquiries which might involve his own behavior, he has also issued at least one ruling exonerating himself. In April 1975, Rep. Fred Rooney (D., Pa.) asked the Ethics Committee to determine whether there was any impropriety in his having accepted from Bethlehem Steel Corp. free airplane flights to and from his district, or in accepting from TWA free flights for himself and his wife to Málaga, a seaside resort in Spain. It has long been standard op-

Don Hesse, St. Louis Globe-Democrat

"Obviously—You're Not the Criminal Type."

erating procedure for House members whose conduct is questioned to put the issue to the House Ethics Committee. Routinely, the committee does little or no investigating and either drops the case for lack of evidence or issues a ruling—carefully worded so as to avoid any embarrassment to the member—on the *kind* of conduct which is questioned. This traditional procedure allows members to tell the press, as Rooney did, "I have been completely vindicated by the (Ethics) committee."

On Rooney's question about free flights, the Ethics Committee issued a ruling saying that it is O.K. for members to accept free flights home on corporate jets if the plane is going their way. The flight Rooney and his wife had taken to Málaga was an inaugural run for a new TWA route, and so the committee also said it is O.K. for members to accept free promotional inaugural flights.

The Ethics Committee overlooked the fact that Rooney was a member of the Commerce Committee, which had jurisdiction over airline regulation, and that shortly after accepting the free flights from TWA, Rooney had voted to approve an airmail rate increase worth $15 million to $20 million to TWA.

Flynt also had failed to inform the Ethics Committee that he had a conflict of interest in voting to allow the free flights: Flynt had been taking corporate flights between Washington and Atlanta occasionally since he was elected in 1954. So in spite of House Rule 43, which prohibits members from accepting "any gift of substantial value" from any "corporation having a direct interest in legislation before the Congress," the Ethics Committee ruled that airplane flights don't count. Questioned about the apparent conflict of interest in ruling on the behavior in which he had engaged, Flynt responded, "I wasn't making a ruling for myself, but for 435 House members. Anyway, I didn't make the rule, the committee did." While conceding that he accepted free flights on corporate jets, Flynt said he could not remember the name of a single corporation which had provided the flights.

It seems that Flynt has a mental block on the issue of conflict of interest. It was only after an intense campaign by Common Cause, other citizens' organizations and the news media that the ethics panel decided to look into some of the sleazy dealings of Rep. Robert L.F. Sikes, the Florida panhandle Democrat. After direct pressure on Flynt and other committee members had failed, Common Cause in early 1976 approached other members of the House to get them to pressure the Ethics Committee. When forty-four members signed a sworn complaint against Sikes, the ethics panel decided to act.

The committee needed to hire an outside special counsel, since it had no in-house staff capable of conducting a serious inquiry. Flynt gave the contract to William A. Geoghegan, a Washington attorney who had contributed $500 on behalf of his firm to Flynt's 1974 campaign, and whose firm had regularly contributed since at least the early 1960s. (A senior partner in the firm had been a close personal friend and law schoolmate of Flynt.) Asked later whether he thought it improper to give, without any competition, a $50,000 contract to a law firm which had been a major campaign contributor, Flynt said he had been unaware at the time that Geoghegan had contributed. Would it have been proper if Flynt had been aware that the man was a major contributor? "I don't know, I'll have to think about that," Flynt said.

Geoghegan, who had been special counsel for the House inquiry into Adam Clayton Powell in 1967, did a thorough inquiry and report on Sikes's various improprieties. (As chairman of the Military Construction Subcommittee, Sikes had voted or used his office to establish a bank in which he held an interest at a Florida Navy base, to appropriate funds for a defense firm in

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which he held 1,000 shares, and to sponsor legislation removing restrictions on some real estate in which he held an interest. And he had not filed required public statements disclosing his holdings.)

The Sikes case was to have been the Ethics Committee's finest hour, evidence to which Flynt could point while claiming that the committee was no longer the moribund panel which, up until that time, had never in its eight-year history taken action against a single member of Congress. But the panel recommended only a "reprimand" for Sikes, not even censure in the well of the House chamber. It was the lightest penalty the committee could conceive. Sikes, in claiming partial victory over Common Cause, characterized it as "one step short of exoneration."

In January 1977, as the new Congress was organizing itself and selecting its chairmen, a challenge was raised to Sikes's retention of his subcommittee chairmanship. Flynt, who had known all along that a strong effort would be made to remove Sikes, took to the floor to defend his errant colleague, telling the Democratic Caucus that the Ethics Committee had not found Sikes guilty of any conflict of interest. John Gardner, then chairman of Common Cause, wrote Flynt a public letter pointing out that the Ethics Committee report had expressly referred to Sikes's "sponsoring legislation . . . which created an obvious and significant conflict of interest." Flynt had lost whatever respect he had gained by investigating Sikes and recommending the reprimand. The Democratic Caucus voted to strip Sikes of his chairmanship, and sixty-five members voted to take Flynt's chairmanship away from him—more votes than were cast against any other incumbent committee chairman.

The committee had had little enough credibility to start with. In 1975, the House made itself look ridiculous by not being able to learn what the intelligence agencies were doing with the money appropriated to them. The House was then made to look even sillier because it voted to keep secret a report on the intelligence agencies, which report was leaked to *CBS News* correspondent Daniel Schorr and then published in *The Village Voice*. This seemed to prove that the House couldn't keep secrets, which was the reason the intelligence agencies had been giving for not telling the House what they were up to. To the rescue the House sent the Ethics Committee, to find the culprit who leaked the report and to devise rules and a system for keeping secrets. On both assignments, Flynt's Ethics Committee utterly failed. It was widely assumed that someone on the Intelligence Committee staff had leaked the report, and so Flynt needed to hire investigators to investigate the investigators. He hired David W. Bowers, a buddy from Georgia, who had been an FBI agent in the state back in the early 1950s when Flynt had been an assistant U.S. Attorney. The problem with Bowers was that *he* had a conflict of interest. He had just retired from the FBI, where his last assignment had been as inspector in charge of Congressional liaison. As such, it was Bowers in large part who had to cope with the Intelligence Committee investigation, to "contain" it so that it didn't get into nasty things like some of the illegal aspects of COINTELPRO which the bureau was not yet ready to admit. Flynt hired Bowers to investigate the very committee staff which had been investigating Bowers's FBI. As might be expected, Bowers was not entirely trusted by the Intelligence Committee staff; he had difficulty in obtaining their full cooperation.

Bowers couldn't do it all alone, so he got Flynt to hire a team of twelve additional investigators whom Bowers knew he could trust. Each was a recently retired FBI agent, a career bureau man. Of the thirteen investigators in the all-ex-FBI team, at least five had worked in intelligence at the bureau and two had worked in the finance office, where the Intelligence Committee had found evidence of a kickback scheme involving FBI purchases of bugging equipment.

This crack team of sleuths doggedly investigated, conducting more than 500 interviews. But it failed to find out who leaked the report to Schorr. The Ethics Committee, voting against Chairman Flynt, decided not to ask the House to cite Schorr for contempt. And in the furor over Schorr's First Amendment right to protect his sources, the panel never even attempted to fulfill the high purpose Flynt had laid out in his dignified opening statement at the start of the hearings, "to consider whether new legislation is needed or the Rules of the House should be amended to insure that the House can account for and safeguard the security of classified information. . . ." The result, other than the expenditure of $400,000 of the taxpayers' money, was to accomplish nothing; it made the Ethics Committee look foolish and incompetent.

Now Flynt comes to chair perhaps the most important inquiry the House has ever undertaken, an effort to find out whether, to what extent, and how, the South Korean dictatorship managed to subvert the American Congress. It is already known that among many ways used by the Korean agents was the device of providing members of Congress with free, expense-paid trips to Korea, often as guests of a Korean foundation or trade association. Flynt may be well-equipped to judge the subtleties of such influence-peddling. In July, he admitted that in 1972 he had accepted from the South African Sugar Association a free sightseeing junket to South Africa for his wife. Flynt told *The Washington Star* that he paid for his own ticket, and said he sees nothing wrong with accepting the free trip for his wife, "but in hindsight, I wouldn't have done it."

The furor over the resignation of Ethics Committee

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Special Counsel Phillip Lacovara died down with the naming of Lacovara's former boss, Leon Jaworski, as a replacement. Common Cause, *The Atlanta Constitution* and others who have called for Flynt's resignation have not withdrawn their remarks. But no one is now actively trying to remove Flynt. No one, that is, except Prof. Newton Gingrich, back in Griffin, who is trying to raise money to pay off a campaign debt, and looking forward to the 1978 elections when Flynt won't be able to ride Jimmy Carter's coattails. □

OFFSHORE REACTORS

WHERE NOT TO PUT THE NUKE

LARRY LIGHT

To the long, bitter and as yet totally unresolved argument about whether or not nuclear power can be made tolerably safe, a new factor has been added: offshore atomic reactors. Citizens, worried that an earthquake might crack open a land-based plant, must now consider what hurricanes, tidal waves and out-of-control ships could do to a seaborne installation. If radiation from an atomic accident on land might be carried far by the wind, the fallout from a melt-down at sea would be spread by both wind *and* ocean currents. Inland reactors are said by some to be vulnerable to terrorist attack; in that case, a floating plant might prove to be a sitting duck. The sea has always been a place of sudden, unpredictable peril. Now atomic plants, whose perils the public senses but has not yet experienced, are to be placed upon it.

The first nautical nuclear station, composed of two side-by-side units, each with a capacity of 1,150 megawatts, is to be floated 2.8 miles off the resort-dotted New Jersey shore, 12 miles northeast of Atlantic City. Public Service Electric and Gas Co. (PSE&G), the nation's third largest utility and the largest in New Jersey, has given a Westinghouse subsidiary the contract to build this Atlantic Generating Station (AGS), as it is called. It will be built in a specially rigged shipyard near Jacksonville, Fla., and towed up the coast to the site. The first reactor is to begin operation in 1985, the second in 1987, when Atlantic City will be packed year-round with the casino gambling crowd.

The power company assures the local people that they need not fear the project, since nothing could possibly go wrong. "I hope those human beings at PSE&G have attained perfection," retorts Harold Abrams, president of the Atlantic County Citizens Council on the Environment. (Atlantic City is the largest town in the county.) "Otherwise, a human error on their part might mean a lot of people will get killed. I can just see a Class 9 accident at 3:30 in the morning during a northeaster on Labor Day weekend."

According to PSE&G, the plant, costing more than $2 billion, will be needed, since demand for electricity will grow and New Jersey, the most densely populated state in the Union, with almost 1,000 persons per square mile, has few if any sites on land for a facility that big. Furthermore, atomic plants require vast quantities of water to cool their fuel cores and the state's interior rivers are small. So the company's engineers conceived the notion of placing a nuclear station on the uncrowded watery acreage of the Atlantic Ocean.

Actually, PSE&G has ordered four floating reactors—two for the AGS, two for a site not yet chosen. Westinghouse originally had a commitment for four more such reactors from two unidentified utilities, but they have let their letters of intent expire, evidently waiting to see how the controversial AGS project will fare.

PSE&G's experiment offers three immense attractions for utilities serving the coastal regions. In addition to siting flexibility and seemingly inexhaustible supplies of water, they promise the bonus of standardization through factory manufacturing, and thereby would save power companies a lot of money and bother. Moreover, federal licenses could be granted with a lot less fuss.

Offshore Power Systems, the Westinghouse subsidiary created to build the AGS, claims it can shave three years off the decade it now takes to license and build a nuclear station. Millions of dollars could be saved by assembly-line construction. Instead of traveling all over the country to inspect new land-based plants, each custom-built with specialized components, Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) officials have the far easier job of sitting at the Florida shipyard and watching a procession of uniform reactors roll off the production line.

When President Carter in his April energy message urged increased standardization and speedier licensing for commercial reactors, *Business Week* saw a bright future for carbon copies of the AGS. A.P. Zechella, president of Offshore Power Systems, says that East and Gulf Coast utilities will turn to floating plants for half of their future generating units. That may not be happy news for the 54 percent of the U.S. population that lives within 50 miles of the coast. (By the year 2000, it is estimated that 80 percent of the people will live there.)

The Carter administration hasn't quite put its stamp of approval on the AGS by calling for reactor standardization, though PSE&G's aggressive public relations might make you think so. Federal Energy Administration chief John O'Leary recently told a group of *Washington Post* editors and reporters that the AGS is "without any merit." While an accident at a land-based plant could be contained, he said, a mishap at sea would "almost certainly"

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lead to "radical contact" with the environment. When told of O'Leary's views, Westinghouse's Zechella remarked: "Fortunately, John O'Leary is not in the licensing chain." The NRC is in the chain and has shown thus far nothing but enthusiasm for the floating plant. The NRC has given its approval to assemble the AGS in Florida, but many more permits must be granted before the reactors can operate on the continental shelf. A number of New Jersey state permits must also be obtained, including one from the legislature, an arena where the anti-AGS forces will get their best chance to stop the project.

A real fight is in the offing, for PSE&G is as determined to carry through its atomic plans as its detractors are to halt them. Aside from the floating plant (80 percent owned by PSE&G; the rest split between two smaller utilities—Jersey Central Power and Light, and Atlantic City Electric), the energy giant owns a portion of a reactor in Pennsylvania and is building a massive four-unit complex on the New Jersey shore of Delaware Bay. At present, 24 percent of PSE&G's electricity is generated by uranium; by 1990, the company expects to be 73 percent nuclear.

"Public Service has chosen the nuclear path because all our studies show that nuclear is by far the most economically and environmentally sound means of providing electrical energy," says Richard M. Eckert, PSE&G senior vice president in charge of bringing the atom to New Jersey. PSE&G can't—or won't—see any alternative. In the late 1960s, as the result of a rising concern about air quality, the utility converted twelve of its fifteen coal-fired generators to low-sulfur oil. Then came the 1973-74 Arab oil embargo and PSE&G decided that fossil fuels were a lost cause. By the company's reckoning, uranium is nine times cheaper, kilowatt for kilowatt, than oil and seven times cheaper than coal. Indeed, one pound of uranium can generate as much power as 2.3 million pounds of coal. But the calculations change rapidly when capital costs and operating expenses are taken into account. A study by San Francisco's Council on Economic Priorities found that a new coal-burning unit in place of one of the twin AGS reactors would cost $121.5 million (19 percent less) and still meet federal air standards. To meet the harsher New Jersey state standards, additional stack-cleaning equipment would make a coal plant just $1.2 million, or 1 percent, more costly than its uranium equivalent—a negligible amount when the hazards of nuclear power are considered.

In rebuttal, PSE&G claims that coal units are 31 percent higher priced than nuclear ones, but the council dismisses this, stating that the company is estimating how much it would cost to build coal plants with smokestack emissions clean enough to exceed the state limits.

The New Jersey Public Advocate's office, a state agency that fights public-interest legal battles, has intervened before the NRC on behalf of the citizens of Atlantic County and against the floating plant. To R. William Potter, the young Public Advocate attorney handling the case, PSE&G is wedded to its sea reactors for three reasons: (*1*) bureaucratic momentum ($165 million has been spent on the project thus far); (2) stubborn pride in originating the idea, and (*3*) the fact that the AGS would expand the company's rate base immensely—and hence allow more profits to be brought in. Potter doesn't accept PSE&G's contention that the ocean-based reactors are needed to meet future energy demands. "In the boom years before the oil embargo, we had 7 to 8 percent growth in demand every year," he recalls. "It's down to 4.1 percent now. We calculate it's going to go down to 3.5 percent. If it gets to 3.1 percent, we won't need to build any more generators until 1990."

PSE&G states that its Atlantic plant will be safety incarnate because it will be protected by a surrounding breakwater—a huge artificial atoll of concrete and stone able to withstand a once-in-a-century storm and being rammed by a supertanker. According to the company, rough seas will make the units pitch and roll less than one degree, not nearly enough to snap them from their moorings. What if there were a dreaded loss-of-coolant accident—a melt-down—in which a reduction in the supply of cooling water lets the core overheat and burst out of the containment vessel? Ah, out of deference to public skittishness surrounding such a pioneering endeavor, the plant will house even more backup safety systems than the NRC deems necessary. The underwater cables that will carry current ashore can be used to feed emergency power back to the AGS to run pumps that would cool the runaway fuel core. The plant will sport five such cables—one more than required—buried beneath the ocean floor so that a dragging ship's anchor can't snap them. In addition, the plant will mount five last-resort diesel generators—one more than the NRC demands—to run the pumps.

The welfare of the environment also has been taken into account. PSE&G says that, on the basis of extensive tests, the plant's water intake and thermal discharge won't hurt marine life. In fact, the company adds, fish will thrive around the breakwater, making it an angler's paradise. That doesn't mean that the rod-and-reel crowd will be allowed to get too close. In the interests of security, "audible devices" may be installed to keep them at a distance. Although the company has kept its security plan confidential, one of its officials acknowledges that the plant also will be ringed with "detection devices," presumably underwater.

The foregoing plans, many written by high-class consultants and all underwritten by the ratepayers, have convinced the NRC that floating plants are as safe as, if not safer than, their land-based counterparts. In the agency's view, the New Jersey floating units merely would have a "mild impact" on the environment. Nothing to be concerned about.

Yet even conceding this rosy assessment, it would be wrong to treat the AGS as if it were one of a kind, never to be duplicated. "Would 100 breakwaters and 100 thermal plumes have the same 'mild impact'?" asked a brief filed before the NRC by the Public Advocate. He had in mind the popularity floating plants will enjoy among utilities if the AGS is permitted to operate.

The Center for Science in the Public Interest has challenged the NRC's assessment of aquatic hazards, charging that it is based on faulty and incomplete data.

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The center says the NRC hasn't adequately considered such crucial questions as the effect of radiation-bearing tides and surface currents flowing toward New York City; the relationship between floating plants and offshore oil drilling (the Baltimore Canyon, off the New Jersey coast, is thought to possess rich deposits, and exploration is to start soon); and the effect on tourism, the shore region's lifeblood.

In the famous pro-nuclear safety study made by Norman C. Rasmussen of M.I.T. the chances of a person's dying from a reactor accident are pictured as astronomical. PSE&G loves to trot out the Rasmussen report when confronted by doubts about the AGS. But Rasmussen's findings, themselves sanguine to a fault, shouldn't in any case be applied to the AGS, argues the center. It notes that Rasmussen dealt solely with land-based reactors, and adds: "The difference between the two types of plants lies in the material surrounding the bottom of the containment." In other words, a superheated fuel core melting out of a land-based reactor would at least be imbedded in earth and rock. The deadly radioactive steam it issued would come only from its vaporized coolant. A core melting out of the AGS would fall into cold water, creating a much larger steam explosion and also spreading in the ocean currents.

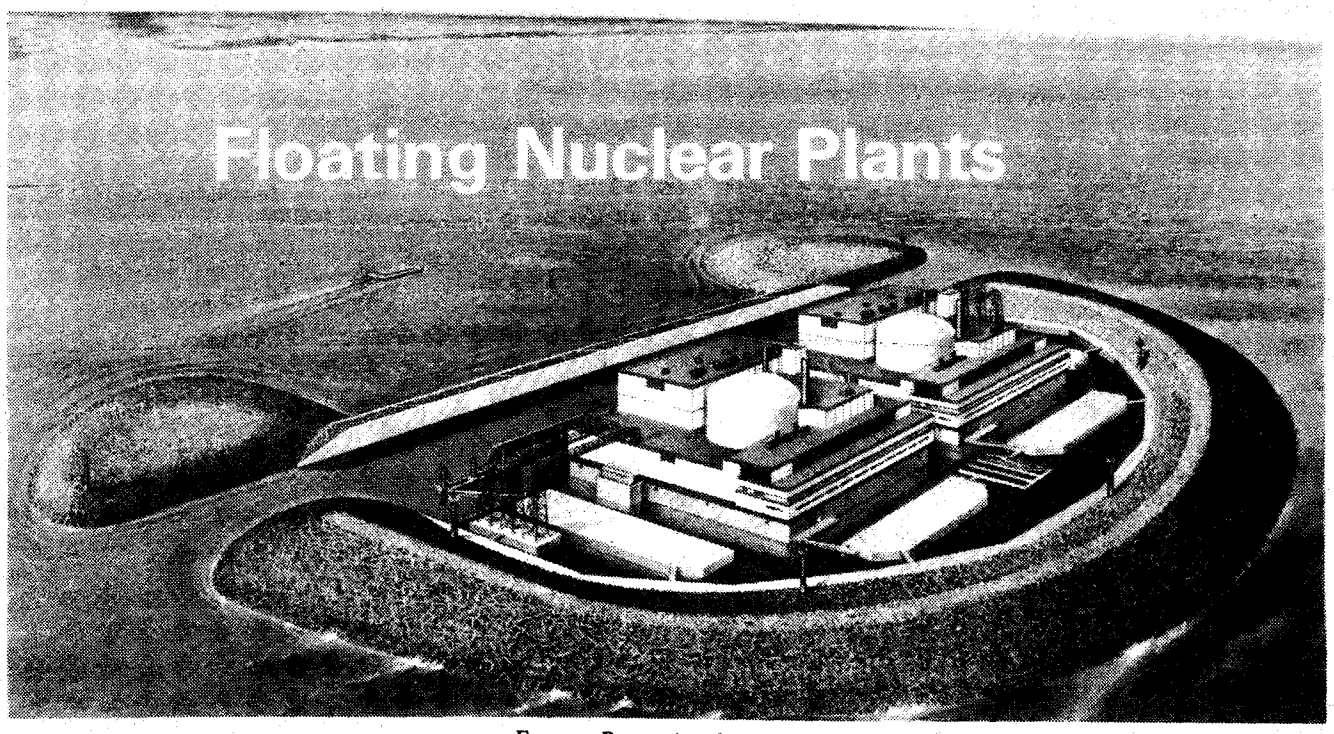
The prudent trust Murphy more than Rasmussen. Murphy's Law, of course, is: "If anything can go wrong, it will." The Brown's Ferry nuclear plant in Alabama wasn't supposed to catch fire, nor were all its safety systems supposed to fail. But the improbable happened, and the reactor came perilously close to a melt-down before the core was brought under control.

Last year, testifying before the NRC's Atomic Safety and Licensing Board, Ernst Effenbarger, a one-time Offshore Power Systems engineer, said that ocean waves could cause the AGS's turbine to vibrate, break up and hurl metal fragments, shattering the containment vessel that protects the fuel core and releasing radiation. Tests on the AGS have been run with scale models in a pool at the University of Florida. Opponents of the project question whether 8-inch waves in a pool truly approximate 40-footers, and ask why a full-size prototype of the unique atomic facility shouldn't be built and tested first in a remote location.

Then there is security. According to government documents made available in March 1976 by Congress Watch, a Ralph Nader-affiliated organization, 175 instances or threats of violence against reactors had been recorded since 1969. A pipe bomb was discovered near the Illinois Institute of Technology's reactor. An incendiary device was set off close to the Pilgrim station of the Boston Edison Co. In all, atomic plants experienced ten arson attempts.

Of all nuclear facilities, the AGS would be the most vulnerable to sabotage. Terrorists wouldn't have to worry about policemen possibly stopping them on the way to their objective. A Coast Guard base is 50 miles away. Although someone loitering outside a land-based plant's fence would arouse suspicions, terrorists disguised as fishermen could perhaps get quite near the AGS before attacking. In a war, an enemy plane or submarine could move in, undetected, from the sea and fire a missile at the plant, an easy target sitting alone on the water.

Evacuation of the nearest population center would pose a major problem. Absecon Island, a thin strip of land that parallels the New Jersey mainland, is the location of Atlantic City. It attracts thousands of vacationers every summer, and when casino gambling starts there in 1978, the island will be well populated year-round. Absecon Island is linked to the mainland by four narrow causeways. Even assuming adequate



From a Promotional Brochure

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warning of a melt-down, the island would be impossible to clear by the time the radiation came. Hurricane watches often clog the bridges with traffic for hours.

The people of Atlantic City fear that their urban blight-ridden resort's economic renaissance, which the prospect of gambling already is bringing about, will be scotched in the next decade by the AGS. "Just a rumor would touch off a tremendous panic that would hurt this place badly," says Abrams of the Atlantic County Citizens Council on the Environment. "It would be worse than a shark scare," says Rep. William Hughes (D., N.J.), the local Congressman.

Melt-downs aside, the mere fact the "planned releases"—the allegedly harmless emissions of excess radiation—will take place in waters used for swimming and fishing surely won't help the tourist economy. Not all experts agree that planned releases are as harmless as pro-nuclear types make them out to be. And to be sure, there is always the hazard of an unplanned release, such as happened when a steam condenser ruptured at the Waterford, Conn. reactor of Northeast Utilities, spilling radiation outside the plant. Atlantic City seafood restaurant owners half-jokingly wonder if they should keep their lights bright in the 1980s to prevent patrons from noticing that their platters glow. "You saw what a little mercury did to swordfish sales," says one. "Wait till you see what a little radiation does to fish in general."

Perhaps PSE&G's favorite statistic comes from a Louis Harris survey that found 61 percent of the American people favor construction of more nuclear plants, with 22 percent against. But the numbers change when you get to Atlantic County. In a 1974 nonbinding referendum, county voters voiced opposition to the AGS by 63 to 37 percent.

The AGS has aroused such a furor because the Atlantic Ocean, unlike a rural site on land, "is in our perceptual backyard," says Dr. David Morrell of Princeton University, who has studied public reaction to the floating plants. Those who perceive the peril of the AGS all too well can only hope that it somehow sinks before it is allowed to float. □

AFSCME

PUBLIC EMPLOYEES IN TROUBLE

MARC LEVINSON

Two years ago, Jerry Wurf was on top of the world. His union, the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees (AFSCME), had spurted from 240,000 to more than 700,000 members in ten years. More than 1,000 public employees were joining AFSCME each week, and the union had expanded from its base in the Northeast and upper Midwest to encompass 2,700 locals from coast to coast. State after state was acceding to Wurf's pleas to legalize collective bargaining for public employees. The national press, from *Time* to *The Washington Post*, was full of praise for him. The age of public employees, it seemed, had come.

No more. AFSCME is on the defensive across the country. In April, Atlanta Mayor Maynard Jackson smashed a twenty-eight-day strike by AFSCME members; no pay raise was granted, and the union is in danger of losing its right to represent city workers. In January, AFSCME Local 158 in Denver was rent by a schism that brought a competing independent union into being. All winter, AFSCME tried to organize Michigan state employees; it finished a distant second to the Michigan State Employees Union. This past spring, a hard-fought-for AFSCME contract in New Jersey almost came to nought because the state legislature refused to fund the pay raise it contained.

Once the dominant union for public employees all across the country, AFSCME, still under the leadership of Jerry Wurf, is trying to fight off challengers on the Left and Right and public employers who, all of a sudden, are finding it politically useful not to say yes to the union. At the same time, AFSCME faces increasing restiveness among its own members, who are demanding rewards for the restraints imposed on them in recession years.

"As a result of the activities of this union and other unions, we went out and organized workers in spite of the fact that the laws are either very difficult to live with or nonexistent," Wurf says, explaining the union's early successes and recent setbacks. "During that period of time, we made very substantial gains for our members and we had great organizational growth. But our problem became this, that with that great organizational growth and with the great gains we made for our members, we got an awful lot of publicity. The possibility of bankruptcy for New York City became a fulcrum for a vast amount of hostility toward us from one end of the country to the other. We had to deal with employers who found it was politically expedient to be anti-public-employee where historically these same kinds of people had found it politically expedient to be pro-employee. You find that the League of Cities puts out a magazine where they tell mayors and city managers that it's better to take a strike than give in. It's good politically, you save money and the taxpayers don't resent it.

"So we really became on the defensive," Wurf adds. "I think that the average person believes our average member in New York makes a zillion dollars a year. He makes less than $10,000 a year. The pensions are less than $4,000 a year, including Social Security. So what we've been doing is fighting."

Nowhere has AFSCME been fighting its one-time

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friends more than in Atlanta. Mayor Jackson was elected with union support to his first term in 1973. "Our involvement there was so great that I'm almost embarrassed by it," Wurf comments bitterly. But since then Jackson and the union have continually been at odds. The city's tight financial situation has resulted in the workers' getting only one 10¢-an-hour raise during the last thirty months, though 1976 wage demands were temporarily satisfied by using federal counter-cyclical assistance to give employees a one-time bonus. Atlanta sanitation workers start at $6,420 a year.

The story of the March 28th strike began in December of last year when AFSCME asked the city to "meet and confer" on wages, hours and working conditions for 1977. In Georgia, "meet and confer" is synonymous with "bargain," but since formal collective bargaining is illegal for governments, meeting and conferring is entirely at the option of the employer. The union cannot force the employer to meet and confer, and an agreement is not enforceable in court. In December, the city and the union were still discussing 1976 wage demands. The 1977 budget was not in the talking stage until late February, after it had already been approved by the City Council.

On March 10, AFSCME asked for a $20-a-week raise. City negotiators made no counter-offer. On Friday, March 25, the regional AFSCME staff went to job sites to get union members to "go to City Hall and see the Mayor" the following Monday. When they got there, Maynard Jackson told them there was no money for raises. The 200 workers marched downstairs and—after formally calling a meeting to order in the best democratic AFSCME tradition—voted to strike, over the objection of union leadership.

By the next day 1,200 workers were out. The city notified striking employees that any employee not reporting to work by Friday, April 1, would be fired. The Atlanta dailies, for once on the same side of the fence as Jackson, told their readers AFSCME was blackmailing the city. A coalition of civic leaders, ranging from the head of the Chamber of Commerce to the Rev. Martin Luther King Sr. and the president of a black ministers' association, went on television to support the Mayor, accusing AFSCME of a "cynical power play aimed at taking over city government in Atlanta."

A nationwide anti-Jackson public relations campaign, which AFSCME had planned in lieu of an Atlanta strike, coincided with the walkout and intensified public feeling against the union. With strong support from black and white, poor and middle-class citizens, the city had an unshakable position. It never made a financial offer to the union; the only subject for negotiation was whether—and how—strikers would be rehired.

"Maynard succeeded in something that troubles me very much," Wurf says. "He made it into a struggle between our union and himself, between himself and myself, instead of a struggle against $3.50-an-hour workers. He was helped in that in several ways. One is Daddy King's denunciation. Second is the local NAACP, the local Urban League, the ministerial alliance. They are the people who are generally our allies. Many of our Southern struggles were not over the ability to carry out a strike as much as they were over joining forces with black community groups with whom we have a unique relationship as a trade union, and over mobilizing a community to begin a freedom struggle. In Atlanta these very forces became our enemies."

Those forces also became AFSCME's enemies in Massachusetts, where the union needed a month-long strike last year to win a pay raise for state employees from Gov. Michael Dukakis, a liberal's liberal elected with labor support. The strike, the culmination of a year of confrontation and negotiation, left AFSCME estranged from many of its own members who feel the union pushed them into a strike. The contract must be renegotiated this year, and AFSCME fears the union's bargaining position may be even less favorable.

Besides fighting its former friends, Jerry Wurf's union is still engaged in bitter struggles with some old enemies. The lesser of the evils is the internal opposition: the strong leftist movement within many AFSCME locals. During the Atlanta strike, both Socialist Worker and October League members were much in evidence, particularly during a Mayor's office sit-in when the police bashed heads. In Illinois, while the union was in the midst of sensitive negotiations on the first AFSCME contract for 25,000 state employees, a Left-leaning local called a wildcat strike, jeopardizing the talks. The left wing is generally critical of AFSCME's propensity to endorse candidates in municipal elections, pointing to the fact that AFSCME-supported candidates, such as Jackson and Dukakis, once in office, are often no help to the union.

Of more concern to AFSCME, however, is the continuing battle inside organized labor. With the labor force in many of the traditionally well-organized industries shrinking, other unions have sought gains in the public employee sector. Two loose coalitions have formed: the liberal Coalition of American Public Employees (CAPE) on one side, headed up by AFSCME, the Communications Workers of America and the National Education Association (NEA); on the other side, a more conservative coalition led by the American Federation of Teachers (AFT), the Laborers' International Union and the Service Employees' International Union. The third major element organizing state and local employees, the Teamsters union, keeps its distance from both groups.

Wurf, a brash, irascible organizer with thirty years in the business, has little love for anybody else in the labor movement, and the feeling is reciprocated. The sharpest conflict has been between AFSCME and the Laborers, who have confronted each other all over the South.

The Laborers, formerly the Hod Carriers Union, have aggressively organized public employees throughout the South with strong support from building trades unions which have little use for the politically liberal and often black-led AFSCME. In Alabama, the Laborers knocked AFSCME out of the field before running into trouble of their own with the Wallace administration; in Georgia and West Virginia, the Laborers have tried, often unsuccessfully, to organize public workers where AFSCME has not tried. In Florida, where AFSCME has organized

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14,000 state human services employees under a 1974 collective bargaining law, the Laborers filed suit to block a union election which AFSCME was expected to win; in Virginia, public employee collective bargaining has been declared unconstitutional after a suit by the Laborers' allies at the AFT to block AFSCME and NEA organizing efforts.

During the Atlanta strike, the Laborers urged their members who worked for the city not to strike. This union began trying to organize city employees in 1971, and not until the AFL-CIO found it guilty of raiding AFSCME did it withdraw. "The Laborers still have a large number of people in the city," one union source reports. "They don't pay dues, but they still consider themselves Laborers."

The continuing split between the unions has so far killed any hope of a national collective bargaining act for public employees. CAPE, which includes few police or fire locals among its members, has been willing to accept a bill barring strikes by public safety employees, or even by all public employees. Instead, the CAPE unions are willing to accept fact-finding and binding arbitration. The AFT-Laborers'-Service Employees coalition, with AFL-CIO support, has insisted that all employees should have the right to strike. The resulting impasse has kept any sort of public employee bill from passage. With the bills have died AFSCME's hopes of easy expansion into the South and Midwest.

AFSCME's setbacks have not dimmed worker militance; wildcat strikes have occurred this year in half a dozen states. But at the national level a reorientation has taken place. To start with, AFSCME, long subject to raiding by other unions, plans to do some raiding of its own; Wurf warns that if other unions don't organize in private industry, at least in the Atlanta area, AFSCME will. "If some union that has jurisdiction—whether it's an electrical workers union or a garment workers union or a sheet metal workers union or a machinists union—does not organize workers, we'll organize them," he promises.

And in the public sector, AFSCME is devoting more attention to organizing and public relations and less to strikes. AFSCME ads have become regular features in *The New York Times* and *The Village Voice*; slick new brochures profile Jerry Wurf, union democracy and AFSCME's concern for productivity and better services. The day of the strike is, at least temporarily, past.

"Even in an effective strike by these kinds of worker, what happens is that the people who live in the working-class districts, who live in the ghetto, suffer, and the business community can take care of its problems," Wurf says. "I want you to know that we have learned, we're using public relations and political action. This union was the first one, twenty years ago, to have public employee strikes. But times have changed, and if they're counterproductive there's no point in sacrificing people." □

MEDICAL INFLATION

THE SYSTEM IS THE SICKNESS

GEORGE A. SILVER, M.D.

The proposed medical-care, cost-control legislation, which provides, among other things, that hospitals will be restricted to a 9 percent increase in cost reimbursement next year, probably amuses the hospital administrative fraternity privately, however much they may orate against it in public. The economists have persuaded the President and the Secretary of HEW that by putting pressure on the hospital administrators they in turn will pull up their socks, run their institutions more efficiently, put pressure on the doctors to practice more economically, and so forth, down the line. Of course there are a few loopholes: wage increases to hospital employees will not come under the ceiling, and certain kinds of hospital operations, theoretically contributing to overhead control, will escape the ceiling. Look to a shift of hospital budgeting into these sheltered areas, if the legislation passes.

Until this limited step is taken, the administration will not press for any more comprehensive approach to national health care. All of the "insurance" schemes that have been advanced linger low down on the list of priorities, waiting for hospital costs to be brought under some kind of control. There is considerable irony in this situation since the official reasoning seems to run in a circle of this sort: costs cannot be brought under control until the system is reorganized, but steps toward a national system that will provide for this reorganization cannot be taken until costs are under control.

An outsider, viewing our medical-care system, would be impressed by how well it works, until he was told that the purpose of the system was to care for the sick. The whole system is set up to benefit the providers—doctors, other professional workers, technicians, hospital administrators, manufacturers of equipment, supplies and medicines, researchers and medical schools. That's where the money is, and lots of it! Economists can help these providers maximize their profits, but they can't make them do better for patients or reduce costs to the patients, because that's not what the system is about.

For example, doctors admit patients to hospital, discharge them from hospital, order tests, treatments and consultations, all of which represent the raw costs of hospital services. Because the doctors want absolute freedom in their place of work, they demand that hospitals act as their shops, buying all the equipment they want

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to use, and then not asking them to pay anything for its use. Doctors resist any restriction on the site, refuse to be corralled into central units, and thus multiply and duplicate the expensive facilities and equipment put at their disposal. In this the patient has no voice whatsoever.

This complete autonomy at the apex of the profession results not only in the hyper-inflation of medical-care costs but affects the public over a broad span of its daily life. Negotiations for salary increases depend on what estimated medical-care costs are and will be. The United Auto Workers has found that employer-employee expenditures for medical care account for a greater part of an automobile's cost than does the steel that goes into it! People with Medicare coverage are now spending more out of pocket for medical care than they used to spend *without* insurance! Families with small children hold back on visits to the doctor for preventive services because they are reluctant, or unable, to pay the physician for his services and the medication. As immunization rates drop, formerly vanquished epidemic diseases reappear: polio, diphtheria, whooping cough, measles.

Every middle-aged American is reminded uncomfortably of the ominously high rate of coronary disease in this country. He sweats doubly: over the threat of the disease, and over the astronomical cost of coronary care. Major surgery, also, with the limited insurance coverage most families can afford, may easily result in bankruptcy, or long indentured servitude to loan companies and banks.

How can we restrict the divine right of doctors to order blithely what they want, when they want it, and where they want it? Is it true that without such freedom patient care will suffer? Is it true that any control on what, where and how much the doctor does will jeopardize your health, perhaps even your life?

There's no evidence to that effect in countries where such limitations are imposed. True, in Great Britain patients wait a long time for elective surgery. And then only half as much is done there as here. From the standpoint of longevity, infant mortality, chronic disease, the people are just as healthy. They may even be healthier! Britain has fewer hospital beds per capita, performs a great deal more surgery outside the hospital, and restricts the practice of specialists to designated hospitals, deciding in administrative councils how much equipment to buy and where to place it. Doctors complain bitterly in Britain about their income. On the average, they make about a third of U.S. doctors' incomes.

Well, if with us it were only a question of money, there might be an economic approach to control. But it isn't. Beyond the fearful costs, which make middle-income Americans anxious and angry, there is the terrifying lack of sufficient medical care for large numbers of Americans. More than 40 million Americans, the poor and the near poor, minority groups, slum dwellers, rural people in scattered and isolated areas can't get medical care when they need it, or get what they do receive in humiliating ways. City hospital clinics are notorious these days for the low caliber of their services, for shortages of supplies and English-speaking doctors, for long waits and dubious procedures.

What economic law will overcome these defects? Certainly spending more money can't be the answer. Nor can educating more doctors, or importing them from developing countries. The experience has been that, in an open, entrepreneurial system, doctors, however many there are or where they come from, gravitate into the suburbs or upper-income sections of our large cities.

Economists can deal with "market" phenomena. If you supply something better or cheaper, you'll make the sale. If people choose some other product, or some other brand, the deserted supplier must lower his price or improve his product or sweep his public off its feet with an advertising campaign. But medical care isn't subject to "market" forces like that because it is a clear monopoly. Modern organized medicine is just about the only thing you can turn to for care and cure of the serious maladies that afflict millions each year. Spiritualists, anti-scientific propagandists, quack remedy purveyors can help you if you aren't really sick. They can't remove a diseased gall bladder, patch up a hole in the heart, balance the chemicals needed to save a life in diabetes or coronary shock.

The same benefits, at lesser cost. That is the administration's objective. An objective, I venture, hardly likely to be achieved by the means it proposes. First of all, more benefits are needed, not just the same at lower cost. A radical reorganization of the system, strong controls on doctors' income, reduction of hospital beds and elimination of hundreds of hospitals are essential to make

St. Louis Globe-Democrat

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available the funds needed to provide the American people with a more equitable and effective medical-care system within the existing budgetary boundaries, and to assure its continued operation within efficient and economical limits. Until the American people are educated into the intricacies of the operation of the medical-care system and can recognize how its fragmentation and duplications serve only the providers, very little can be done legislatively to improve the operations or control the skyrocketing inflation of costs.

The medical-care system is seen as a delicate field into which only physicians, appropriately garbed and gloved, can enter and maneuver. Economists have confidence in pressures from the outside. Officials and legislators have confidence in the power of economists to recognize and prescribe the incentives and disincentives that will move the medical-care system into rational activity. But the public and its representatives are intimidated by the implied power of the physician to withhold his services if the working conditions don't suit him. Or the pay. Can we pass laws that will control his actions, we ask fearfully, but won't irritate him into defiance and maybe, horror of horrors, a strike?

It was said of Herman Hickman, the great Yale football coach, that in his job he had to keep the alumni sullen but not mutinous. No great legislative program, opening the medical-care system to better and cheaper medical services for all Americans, will come out of such approaches and attitudes.

To be sure, the medical-care system has been plagued for years with inefficiencies and insufficiencies of service. National health insurance was one of *Teddy* Roosevelt's platform planks in 1912. The recent "crisis" has arisen because inflation coincided with rising expectations on the part of the poor and minorities. From the inflationary effect stems the unwillingness of Congress to authorize more taxes to pay for the same old things. I suspect that if it weren't necessary to raise taxes for Medicare and Medicaid, the Congress would have little concern for the inequities of the system.

All in all, it isn't difficult to recognize the key elements of the dilemma. Physicians decide if you're sick, if you need medicine, rest in bed, hospital care. They decide how long you will take the medicine, stay in hospital, what diagnostic equipment to use, whether or not you will undergo an operation. What would happen if a "cap" were put on costs? It depends. In the present setup, less money means fewer benefits. Nothing in any control measure says the doctor must do the same things for the same number of people, for less money. So some people, and this usually means the poor and the inner-city minorities, will get less medical care. Some *patients* will suffer; doctors, hospital administrators will not. They will be open and candid about their problems; the government will be blamed. Eventually, the "cap" will be removed.

What is the answer, then? Do we just go on spending more and more for medical care? We don't have to, but we do have to take some unpalatable measures. Unpalatable to both patients and doctors, I'm afraid. If doctors were put on salary and hospitals operated as community rather than individual enterprises, a ceiling on costs could be made to hold. The economists would be back in business. Of course, patients might be deprived of free choice of hospital (which they don't really have now), or of seeing their own physician any time they called for an appointment, and hospital admissions and operations might be cut in half. There might be longer waits for elective surgery, in which case careful supervision, very annoying to doctors, would have to be instituted to make sure they didn't put off some procedures too long, or confuse urgent with elective procedures. Doctors would have to become more accountable to the public.

Actually, these procedures are not too difficult to accept and administer; matters have been so arranged in at least one medical group practice in the Seattle area for dozens of years. The Puget Sound Cooperative is controlled by the members, who hire the doctors, pay them salaries, review the circumstances surrounding their work, their purchasing and ordering. The doctors find the situation not unpleasant and the patients apparently approve, since the membership has grown by leaps and bounds.

There is no reason why this approach can't be instituted nationally—a wide-ranging reorganization of medical practice, with salaried physicians, regionalized hospitals, accountability to nonmedical boards, a different mix of professional workers so that more of the day-to-day practice is in the hands of nonphysicians. In short, a medical-care system for patients, not providers.

Any solution that radical will be hard on patients and professionals, but one should not expect hard questions to have easy answers. The important fact is that the solution is known. Changed organizational forms: group and team practice; changed reimbursement mechanisms: a salaried service; changed insurance coverage: comprehensive and universal, are needed to establish a rational base for a new system.

The uproar that would accompany any attempt to introduce this program in one nationwide upheaval would be too much for either doctors or patients (or Congress) to accept. But that is not necessary; it could be done in stages. First, a new kind of medical-care system could be introduced for children (people are less uneasy about the medical services provided their children, in itself an interesting sidelight on American parental attitudes) and in one or two states. A step-by-step approach would be advisable in any case because, however clever the designers may be, they will forget or miscalculate a great deal. A state "model" is essential to reveal the defects in the proposal. After a few years of successful state operation, the plan for children, as modified, could be extended nationally. After a few years of observing the national child-health program, the public would begin asking about a national program for all citizens, and an interest group would develop to bring it about.

Today, zealous proselytizers attack the doctors and urge the layman to read medical texts and become his own physician. A wiser course might be to educate the public to the appropriate *use* of doctors and the medical-care system. I'm not sure that every man his own doctor is a suitable slogan for this century. But I am sure that temporizing legislative measures will never bring adequate medical care to the people of this country. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Power of the Incorruptible

WARTIME. *By Milovan Djilas. Translated by Michael B. Petrovich. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 470 pp. $16.95.*

ERNST PAWEL

It was back in 1933 that Yugoslav police, pioneering methods later perfected by the Gestapo, arrested several hundred student radicals in Belgrade and for a time all but wiped out the Communist underground. Police interrogations were conducted with what, in those days, used to be thought of as typically Balkan brutality, the Turks' chief contribution to Western civilization. Most of the youngsters—all in their late teens or early 20s—broke quickly under torture and ended up incriminating their comrades along with themselves. One of the very few exceptions was Milovan Djilas. Resolutely silent to the end, he was sentenced to two years at Sremska Mitrovica, the infamous prison with which he was to become more intimately familiar on subsequent occasions and under different auspices.

By the time he got out, the then 25-year-old Djilas had become something of a legend in radical circles. His scintillating brilliance and talent for organization went together with prickly arrogance and stiff-necked fanaticism, but the one outstanding attribute no one would ever deny him was an almost luminous kind of physical courage, reaffirmed time and again all through the war. Yet, with no false modesty, Djilas himself gradually came to see this particular distinction with different eyes.

"I always considered my own behavior in prison, under torture, the highest form of courage," he wrote, some twenty-five years later. "Today I am not nearly so sure, although I continue to value this form of courage very highly. Personal courage, the courage to defend one's own opinions to the bitter end, is the greatest courage of all, and the most human, at least here in this country, where there is so much physical courage and so much personal cowardice."

Yugoslavia generally, and Montenegro in particular, as Djilas implies in this passage from one of his earlier books, needs and breeds heroes in disproportionate abundance, perhaps to make up for the uncommonly high mortality among them. The point is that as warrior and revolutionary, Djilas was one hero among many. What he did in 1953, as vice president and second most powerful man in the country, on the other hand, places him in a different category altogether. Many an ex-revolutionary has turned upon faith and comrades, fallen or been shoved out of grace and power. But there are few examples, in our or any age, of a man at the apex of power, and with an inside track to that absolute form of it that supposedly corrupts absolutely, denouncing and renouncing his position purely on moral grounds, of his own free will.

With this gesture he gave up everything—positions, possessions, family life, ultimately his health and freedom as well. What he proved, in return, is that power does not always corrupt, that not everyone is for sale, that winning is not everything, and that even in victory man may prevail as a human being. *Wartime*, his latest book, can only serve to confirm this view of its author as a man unique in our time.

Among the more remarkable aspects of this monumental work is the picture of Tito and of the whole Partisan leadership that emerges. These former comrades, long since *embourgoisés* as the New Class, responded to Djilas's initial critique with a vicious brutality that more than proved his point. They not only confined him to Sremska Mitrovica for some seven years but also deprived him of simple amenities, such as heat and writing material, that even King Alexander's semi-Fascist regime granted as a matter of course. Yet nowhere in the book is there a trace of vindictiveness or rancor. Not once does Djilas allow subsequent events to falsify or to distort reality as he perceived it, or remembered perceiving it, thirty years earlier. His affection for Tito, for instance—filial, not uncritical, but unstinting in its admiration for a born leader self-confident enough to be at ease with his own human foibles and frailties—seems undimmed by the shabby treatment he has since received at the hands of his former friend.

The same scrupulous objectivity and fairness extends to all others, living and dead, whether or not they turned against him after his leap from grace. Only Moshe Pijade, that venerable relic of the Marxist Old Guard, rouses faint echoes of the malice for which the youthful Djilas used to be notorious.

Pijade, some twenty-five years older and with fifteen years of prison to his credit, was distinctly a city man from a wealthy Jewish background. He had been a surrealist painter in Paris, had translated Marx, studied Chinese and coached the young Tito in dialectical materialism. He had scant use for this self-possessed and meddlesome peasant, just as Djilas, in turn, despised the sloppy and self-indulgent old crank. The chemistry between these two unlikely Bolshevists—the aging Bohemian Jew, and the apprentice Archangel from Montenegro—was wrong from the outset. And though one is now dead, while the other has long since turned in his wings and his halo, the old antagonism seems to have survived—refreshing evidence that Milovan Djilas is not yet a candidate for beatification.

That seems, in any case, the least of his ambitions. His generosity of spirit—seemingly unforced, and for which I can find no precedent in the memoirs of ex-Communists or ex-believers of whatever faith—is really incidental to a much broader purpose: the holographic reconstruction of a moment in history, in which the living memory of the participant observer lends depth and reality to the retrospective overview.

Djilas's approach provides a bracing antidote to the ahistorical naiveté that both spawns and dominates most current revisionist writing. Hindsight probably distorts as much as it reveals, but it supplies plastic professors with instant omniscience. The civil war and Partisan resistance in Yugoslavia, which cost some 2 million lives in a population of 11 million, can neither be understood nor described in simplistically rational terms. And Djilas, even from his present perspective, never slights the doubt, chaos, confusion, the insane hatreds and irrational faith, the superhuman heroism and cannibalistic brutality that unleashed this epic butchery and were unleashed by it in turn.

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Was the slaughter really necessary? Was it worth a three-year struggle and thousands of lives to pin down a few German divisions that in due course would have surrendered anyway? And what about Mihajlovich's Chetniks—were they liquidated because they collaborated with the Germans, or because they were politically dangerous rivals within the resistance movement?

One of the book's merits is that it graphically demonstrates the absurdity of such questions; they presuppose a range of choices, and the possibility of making them, that were simply not real in their time. The merciless hatreds dividing Orthodox Serbs, Catholic Croats, Bosnian Moslems, dividing Left and Right within each camp, dividing city and country, had reached the boiling point long before the time of the German invasion. When the Nazis overran the country and installed their puppet regimes in Serbia and Croatia, hostilities erupted in an at least six-cornered civil war that pitted all against all. It takes naiveté bordering on the inane to assume that people had the luxury of deciding whether to join the resistance or wait out the war. Some few obviously did. But for most, the realistic alternative to fighting—and quite possibly dying gun in hand—was to let themselves be slaughtered, en masse, without a fight. The secret of the Partisans' ultimate success, in political more than military terms, was the simple fact of their accepting and welcoming all Yugoslavs regardless of nationality, religion, or even politics. Their tactical brilliance, ruthless cunning and superb organization helped. But basically, they won out because theirs was the only movement transcending the narrow fanaticism of clannish loyalties.

Whether or not the Chetniks collaborated with the Germans is another nonquestion. Some did, some didn't, and in a struggle involving that many hostile camps, a fair number of temporary alliances, pragmatic accommodations and unpublicized trade-offs are bound to be made. Djilas, in fact, confirms what had long been an open secret—the German-Partisan contacts of 1943 that led to a limited exchange of prisoners.

Drazha Mihajlovich, in any event, was an honest but rather simple-minded patriot whom Allied propaganda, out of expediency and desperation, pumped up into a myth he could not possibly have lived up to, even had he understood what was going on. Apart from those royalist officers whose collective level of incompetence probably surpassed his own, he never exercised any effective control over the amorphous collection of bands and bandits scattered all over Serbia that chose to call themselves Chetniks but increasingly, as the struggle intensified, made their own war and peace with their own friends and enemies.

Djilas is about as fair to them as one can be, short of an act of faith. But one interesting sidelight to the Chetnik-Partisan conflict, which Djilas documents in some detail, is the enormous pressure exerted by Moscow on behalf of Mihajlovich. Dependent as he was on the West for weapons and logistic support at that point, Stalin seemed determined to avoid anything liable to stir up anti-Communist feelings among his capitalist allies. But these policy directives from the Kremlin were dictated by more than mere transitory opportunism, as the Yugoslavs happened to be among the first to comprehend. The Byzantine super-czar—Djilas, who met and promptly antagonized him on several occasions, includes a brilliant close-up of Stalin *chez soi*—was keenly aware of the threat that indigenous revolutionary movements posed to his monolithic rule. Among his more thoughtful suggestions was to let King Peter return to the throne and poison him later. In any event, Stalin also made it clear that he wanted the Communist Party kept strictly in the background and urged the Partisans not to adopt the five-pointed red star as their symbol. None of his suggestions was accepted, the less so since he offered nothing in return by way of substantive assistance. The Soviets were, in fact, the last among the Allies to acknowledge Tito's existence.

For Djilas, though, as for most Yugoslav Communists, the last lingering illusions about their spiritual homeland were dispelled by the behavior of the Soviet troops that "liberated" parts of their country, including the capital. With his customary forthrightness, Djilas in his official complaint compared the excesses committed by the Red Army—on supposedly friendly territory—unfavorably with the general restraint shown by the retreating Germans. It seems hard to think of anything better calculated to generate a spontaneous combustion in the Kremlin. The open Stalin-Tito break in 1948 merely formalized an enmity that went back to the early beginnings of the movement.

Wartime is an extraordinary book, unique as an eyewitness account, but far from easy reading—definitely not an item for consumers of prepackaged thought. Djilas is writing for himself, for his generation, and for his people who are still not allowed to read him even while they host a conference on human rights. He is writing with his heart as much as with his head, and a great deal of what spills out of him—hundreds of anecdotes, of capsule biographies, of intricate political or military maneuvers—is bound to be of at best marginal interest to Americans unfamiliar with the background. And though

HOW MORNING GLORIES COULD BLOOM AT DUSK

Left to itself the heart continues, as the tamarind
folds its leaves every night and the mimosa
even in perpetual darkness open and shut
with the sun.

It is moved by such delays:
cat's ears open at six, african marigolds, lillies
at seven, at ten the passion flower.
Its light awaits the souls of the living, its birds

for the branches to unfold in song;
the end of its year awaits each noon the opening
of the chicory in the meadow, and its meadows
imagine other flower beds.

If there is another world
then this is it: the heart on its stages,
the real, the virtual, the butterfly
over the evening primrose.

The error involved is minimal, it can
be corrected: the blue of the sky
is due to the scattering of sunlight
on its way out of the sky.

Jorie Graham

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well served by his translator, he is, and always has been, an uneven writer not for lack of skill but, I suspect, out of an excess of passion, a single-minded concern with what needs to be said rather than how to go about saying it.

There are some magnificent pages in this book, and there are stretches where the chaos, complexity and confusion of events invade and overwhelm the prose itself, where the desire to bear witness overrides selectivity and stylistic grace. Which is like saying that Ulysses, though inordinately intelligent and an authentic hero, was no Homer. *Wartime* is only Ulysses's version of the *Iliad*. □

A Baedeker to Beckett

BECKETT/BECKETT. *By Vivian Mercier. Oxford University Press. 254 pp. $11.95.*

ENOCH BRATER

Beckett's work continues to fascinate us by the diminutive geometry of its "nice dimensions, nice proportions." It is the shape few writers achieve, for Beckett is a miniaturist who creates large effects on a small scale. Here is no blind ambition. Reducing matter as well as form to fundamental simplicity, the design and execution of Beckett's elemental grandeur may not be nearly so modest as it initially appears to be.

That Beckett should aim so high for stylistic purity indicates the presence of a self-confident perfectionism frequently missing from the portrait painted by his earlier critics. The shy, reclusive, lisping Irishman in tight-fitting French clothes is anything but humble in his literary undertakings. "Beckett is unique, as we all are," writes Vivian Mercier, "but he has not descended from another planet." At the very beginning of his career Beckett sets the margins of his own discourse. As Joyce takes Stephen Dedalus for his young hero, Beckett chooses Belacqua Shuah: one a hybrid of myths Christian and classical, the other a cross-fertilization of Dante with the Old Testament.

In Beckett, however, one witnesses the elevation of the gimmick. Literary ancestors are there to parody and venerate; it is the coincidence of the two that defines the characteristic Beckett pose. Here is no "truck" with the "scum" of minor mannerists: Beckett shoots from the hip at the masters of the great tradition. In "Whoroscope," his first professionally published work, Descartes receives a fatal volley. The poem considers such lofty matters as whether the seedy solipsist (metaphorically on wheels) prefers freshly laid eggs to those of days gone by. When Richard Aldington suggested footnotes to accompany the poem, Beckett complied by putting *The Waste Land* through the wringer. Yeats, Pound, Bishop Berkeley and Shelley ("less Wordsworthy") will have to undergo similar trials. Recycling the opening line from Keats's "Endymion," Beckett transforms life in *Molloy* into "a thing of beauty" and "a joy forever." "Do you think he meant human life?" asks the skeptical detective Jacques Moran. Proust, only true begetter of "Time cancer," faces similar ups and downs. On occasion, Beckett even nods to Homer.

Tradition, ancient and modern, has rarely waged such war on individual talent. The stakes are high: this is no local battle where heirs apparent flay master-building fathers. Inspired rather than influenced by the best that has been thought and said, Beckett's literary aspirations, their inclusiveness and their sheer magnitude, make him stand apart from almost every other living writer. His peers are in the recent past rather than in the immediate present, for his fastidiousness matches Eliot's, his cosmology Yeats's, his purity Proust's, his integrity Joyce's. "Look at the world," the tailor says in Nagg's old Jewish joke in *Endgame*, "and look at my pair of pants." Taking from the past those shards which can still be pieced together in the present, Beckett remains Spartan while Rome falls pell-mell all about him. Steadfast, he makes the world take note of handcrafted "residua" in an age of mass production.

But let us not make Beckett into an artificer of another age. And let us not make him into a literary phenomenon too good to be true. He has always been a sensible man of letters and an even more practical man of the theatre. Concerned with fine shades, exact tones, and very specialized effects, his plays have become inseparable from performance. He has even taken to directing them himself. His famous recoil from publicity, the product of a diffidence that is genuine, has borne some very strange fruit indeed. He has avoided celebrity only by becoming a figure of myth instead. Though this may not have been foreseen in advance, as much mystery surrounds Beckett as encircles his creation Godot. Biographers beware. What there is in Beckett must be found in his works, or not at all. It is because Vivian Mercier carefully addresses himself to these that his new study, despite its highly confessional tone, has much to offer us in defining the limits of that universe in miniature Beckett has made so authentically his own.

Beckett/Beckett attempts to evaluate the writer on the basis of his own dichotomies. Mercier, who shares the name of one of Beckett's heroes as well as a common Dublin background with the author himself, is always aware of his subject's vendetta against the "danger in the neatness of identifications." The structure of this new study, rational and symmetrical, develops secure foundations from the polarities Beckett makes hauntingly real. Mercier suggests that Beckett establishes his reputation by subjecting all of us to recurring patterns of delightful alternation. Confusion has never been quite so promising before. Every reader acquainted with the major works will recognize the propriety of thesis/antithesis, Ireland/the world, classicism/absurdism, man/woman, and artist/philosopher as possible borders for the Beckett country. Of more particular originality is the gentleman tramp motif, for here Mercier argues that Beckett's heroes are not so much bums or clowns as Irish gentry gone to seed. Have Gogo and Didi earned Ph.D.s? "How do you know they hadn't?" was the playwright's quick response. Mercier's exploration of the dual nature of Beckett's world is appealing, for he has a clear focus on his central thesis. Here is a Baedeker to Beckett, a reasonable guide deciphering method and meaning without introducing complexities the texts fail to sustain.

Dualisms, opposition and polarities, however, tell us only part of Beckett's story. For as we note in the Addenda to *Watt*, there are "limits to part's equality with whole." Beckett's most impressive effects take place not alternately, as Mercier perhaps too rigidly implies, but simultaneously. The speaker in *Enough*, for example, is not a man *or* a woman, but a man *and/or* a woman at one and the same time. In the compressed syntax that is this speaker's frail lifeline, "we turn over as one man" exists side by side with "enough my old breasts feel his old hand." What are we to do with the breasts of this Tiresias? An-

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drogyny, no matter how appealing, would be too simple an explanation for the "superfine chaos" Beckett orchestrates here. Sexual preference depends here on whichever gender the reader configures from the two competing for attention. Beckett holds the Rorschach, not the Kodak, up to nature. *Either/or* plays second fiddle to *l'un dans l'autre*.

That is why Beckett's work is so frequently confusing. "It is a tiring style," as he wrote of Proust, "but it does not tire the mind." If we could locate the poles of this strange magnetic field, we would know ("more or less") where we stand. But the soil beneath our feet is shifty and unstable. Neither out far nor in deep, we are stranded in Beckett's sea of potentiality. This is a realm prior to resolution, an isthmus of the middle state with only a relative beginning and an unpredictable end. "Finished, it's finished," begins *Endgame*, "nearly finished, it must be nearly finished." With each turn of the screw Beckett's "little heap" becomes progressively more "impossible," progressively more real.

In Beckett's late style this simultaneity of images becomes even more condensed. Here extremely structured and extremely vague "traces blurs signs" create significance but "no meaning." As concrete and unsubstantial as the subject of our dreams, Beckett's images form the persistent pattern of a continual delirium. The earlier works, those which are the focus of Mercier's most successful inquiry, present us with a formalism and an abstraction by no means so painfully acute. Here the limits of experience are rendered far less obliquely and, therefore, fall far more gracefully into Mercier's system. Rather than communicating too little, as has so often been claimed, works like *Godot* and *Endgame* communicate too much.

It is not surprising, then, that Beckett's work over the past decade comes down to us in the scale of a fragment. "Fizzles" or "residua" in prose, "dramaticules" or "ends and odds" in the theatre, the recent work makes language more important than any system of aesthetics or any network of "neat" identifications. Here language is a remnant that is only vaguely referential: intellectual categories and verbal oppositions are "impossible to follow let alone describe." In one of the recent "fizzles," originally designed to accompany a series of aquatints by the English engraver Stanley William Hayter, a seated figure is simultaneously "still," "not still," "not quite still at all," "all quite still apparently," and "so quite still again." "The thing to avoid," we have heard much earlier in Beckett's canon, "is the spirit of system." Motion and fixity are no longer the same clear juxtaposition they once were in Beckett's work. Winnie in *Happy Days* can still label mobility quite simply as a "curse." By the time Voice recites her monologue from another world in *Footfalls*, the same phenomenon has become far more mysterious:

> . . . one night, while still little more than a child, she called her mother and said, Mother, this is not enough. The mother: Not enough? May—the child's given name—May: Not enough. The mother: What do you mean, May, not enough? May: I mean, Mother, that I must hear the feet, however faint they fall. The mother: The motion alone is not enough? May: No, mother, the motion alone is not enough, I must hear the feet, however faint they fall.

Dichotomies are no longer quite so clear as they used to be: motion now cauterizes silence as well as fixity. Neither attracting nor repelling one another, isolated phenomena coexist in a balance that is conditional rather than cumulative: "Bright at last close of a dark day the sun shines out at last and goes down."

Synthesis is naturally beyond the deliberately limited scope of Beckett's horizon. Arranging the elements of his small planet in a unity of signs rather than things signified, Beckett designs his parts to vibrate with their own instability. Fragments are experienced as wholes. Universals are abandoned for the sake of the miniature particularities of a tiny planet which avoids any "system of synchronization." We suddenly see several worlds in a grain of sand. Dualities may no longer be very much to the point, for Beckett's late style is concerned with a quantitative rather than a qualitative "notion of mensuration." In a world "trembling all over," "enough," "still," and "lessness" become the uneasy terms of an endless cycle of unnameable relationships.

In this respect Beckett's recent work makes its mark as the representative writing of our time. "Alive," to quote Wallace Stevens, "with an enigma's flittering," Beckett's minimalist constructions are not an artifice of eternity but a paean of celebration to the unique individuality of every passing moment. All that holds this tiny world together is structure. Beckett's struggle with form is, then, something more positive than mere "hysterectomies with a trowel." What is at stake beneath the deceptive transparency of this scaffolding is the coherence of a universe that makes sense on its own present terms. Even though center and circumference may forever elude his fingertips, the writer can find "a help" if not "a real protection" in the vitality of his own formalism. In this "imagination dead imagine" where no tiny particle specifically opposes any other, Beckett takes us with him to the edge of an abyss. Like his searcher Moran, he turns back to make his report in writing: "what tenderness in these little words, what savagery." □

History on a Magic Carpet

SINAI TAPESTRY. *By Edward Whittemore. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 310 pp. $8.95.*

ANTHONY HEILBUT

When early in this novel, the ur-Bible, the source of Western myth, is discovered, its message is that "All prophecies were really histories misplaced by tricks of time . . . memories in disguise." This can be read as the credo of epic fiction or the despairing cry of intellectuals defeated by history. Edward Whittemore's novel prompts both responses, and in a straightforward, linear fashion, manages to render doubtful the very notion that events in time can make up a story. Whittemore is a deceptively lucid stylist. Were his syntax as cluttered as Pynchon's or as conspicuously grand as Nabokov's or Fuentes's, his virtually ignored recent novel might have received the attention it deserves, for his imagination of present and alternative worlds is comparable to theirs. His ambition is to combine history and story, nonfiction and fiction, in a Sinai tapestry so seamless that it achieves the solidity of history itself. And to signal his attempt, if not his achievement, Whittemore's last paragraphs display the synoptic distance of a critic or historian. In the sort of literary joke that perhaps only an author can appreciate, Whittemore found a sympathetic reader in the writer of the book's jacket who cribbed most of its copy from his last paragraphs, realizing that the novel's comprehension extended even to itself.

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In his first novel, *Quin's Shanghai Circus*, Whittemore explored the Orient as he now does the Middle East, and both novels' happiest (perhaps only happy) vision is one of a great "unbroken sensual wheel made up of many sexes and ages revolving through time." The permutations and combinations of polymorphous perversity might appear trivial. But Whittemore also presents the ends of more "serious" preoccupations: the Japanese slaughter of Chinese peasants in *Quin* and the genocide of Armenians by Turks in *Sinai* are recalled from their historical limbo. Whittemore knows that our century has seen more than one holocaust, all committed in the names of politics and history.

He enjoys floating his characters on magic carpets of historical vision (his hero Stern learns as a child to fly balloons in the desert), and then pulling the rug out from under them (Stern dies with his childhood and adult visions literally bombed into oblivion). Every form of historical explanation the novel proffers is challenged, interrogated and discarded. The eponymous Sinai tapestry is the original manuscript of the Bible. This is a Holy (not Midrash but) Mishmash, recited by a blind man and recorded by an idiot, in which Jewish, Christian and Moslem myths interweave themselves: Mohammed's buddy is Isaiah, Naomi's companion is Mary, Jesus's mother is Fatima. (Later Whittemore turns Jesus into a Wandering Jew, and consoles him by moving Calvary into the heart of Jerusalem.) So the Bible offers no key at all, moral or hermeneutic, to an historical vision patched together from the gossip of shepherds and itinerant tradesmen. But what of all the other ways to read history? The 19th century gave us several. This novel finds all the 19th-century prophets superannuated adolescents pursuing illusions "caused by a child's false perceptions of order above him" and "an adult's inability to accept the sexual chaos beneath him." As if to invite Marx and Freud off their hobby horses and onto the sensual wheel.

In both his novels, Whittemore dramatizes history in the conventional conflict of fathers and sons. But even the order of heredity is sabotaged. One character, Strongbow, comes from a line of English aristocrats in which the parents always die young; another, Wallenstein, comes from an Albanian line of paranoids, all of whom are impotent and consequently none of whom are related. Strongbow eventually fathers a son by an Oriental Jewess but by then he has undergone so many changes that he brings his son no specific legacy. Haj Harun, a Wandering Jew-Gentile-Moslem, born 3,000 years ago (and mercifully, except for the brief appellation, "the fearless religious flasher of antiquity," never a source of whimsy) has no offspring: he has the gift of tongues but nowadays who listens? Zivi, a wealthy Greek with some of Baron Charlus's chutzpah, is a spiritual father to a generation of political radicals: his fate is to go mad during the Armenian massacre.

In Strongbow and his son Stern, Whittemore creates characters who so enact the virtues and obsessions of their respective centuries that a reconciliation in time seems as hopeless for them as for Poldy Bloom and Stephen Dedalus. Strongbow is absurdly larger than life (7 foot 7 inches tall, deaf, sporting a monocle that magnifies his eye to the diameter of 3 inches), but his decorum —and Whittemore's—makes his behavior and historical pronouncements never less than appropriate. As a student at Cambridge, he masters both fencing and botany: in one of the novel's funniest moments, he astonishes the college community by discovering an hitherto unknown species of rose on the river Cam. He shocks polite society by turning down membership in a society of masturbators, but after forty years in the Middle East, composes a forty-volume work of sexual lore which is really a 2-million-word retelling of a youthful romance. Whittemore knows how much a good Victorian novelist could have made of Strongbow's story, and in how many pages. He tells it all in less than 50.

Strongbow seeks in the Sinai Tapestry a source of debunking, positive proof that the moral foundations of Victorian England rest on sinking sand. With equally Victorian fervor, Wallenstein (the Albanian paranoid) wishes to *hide* the manuscript, going the Grand Inquisitor one better by denying fallen man any access to the truth. In the 20th century, an Irish veteran of Easter 1916 hunts the manuscript as treasure, and eventually delivers it to a tribe of North American Indians. But for Stern, the Bible with its mingling of myths, provides proof that Palestine is the homeland of three great peoples, Arabs, Jews and Christians, in a record made before they were divided into those names. For Stern, pedantic squabbling over textual unity becomes the stuff of political survival.

Whittemore curves history to enclose his characters. When an insulted Strongbow writes Queen Victoria, prophesying that her name will become "synonymous with ugly clutter and hidden evil thoughts, arrogant pomposity and child prostitution," his letter is so in keeping with his character and the language and obsessions of a man of his class, that Whittemore makes the telegram seem news, its author a prophetic genius. And Stern's far nobler but equally prophetic vision of a Palestine that will be "a homeland for all the peoples of his heritage" also seems the proper culmination of a series of personal events. In both instances, the larger insight proceeds from the smaller, personality predicts vision, and history confirms what his fiction anticipates so precisely that fact seems Whittemore's fancy.

But he is not playing games with us. Strongbow manages to purchase most of the Middle East (!) but in a final act

AS WHEN THE BLOWFISH PERISHING

As when the blowfish, perishing,
makes itself the greatest size,
the empty agoras and broken colosseums
repeat the supposition of a god
who worshiped a god. Pretending
those men were proportionate
to what they made. And they are. I think
of how you dream and dream and care
for the blood carried in silver bowls
out of the room. Of my diminishing
as the world makes love to me.
It is a long way from the rock to here.
There is a huge pile of dead people
and they will not sing. I wish so
you would come back.
We kept the courtesy an internal form
to have the beauty after.

Linda Gregg

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of healing, sells it all, so as to relieve his son "of the burdensome legacy of that Empire he had acquired before Stern was born, an irony immense enough to divide their two centuries forever." It is ironic too that Stern could hope to reconcile the peoples of the Middle East merely by controlling their land, or that the son's altruistic mentality could still bear the traces of the imperialist explorer. But it is the historical distinctions that Whittemore discovers, and with enough wit and compassion to allow the irony to name itself.

Where such irony obtains, no person can have the last word. The observer of all these men and their nebulous pursuits is an American woman, Maud, who like the female Buddha of *Quin's Shanghai Circus*, serves to reduce all masculine obsessions to childish monomanias. In Maud, Stern meets his match but the novel has so little faith in historical generativity that their passion is sexless. Still, Maud's sensuality resonates almost as deeply as Stern's vision, and after his death, this strange granddaughter of an Indian squaw, growing old alone in Cairo, is the only keeper of his faith.

The object of Stern's vision, the Sinai Bible, remains, but even it is rendered meaningless by the political history it might have redeemed. The Sinai tapestry of "lives that had raged through vast secret wars and been struck dumb by equally vast silences, textures harsh and soft in their guise of colors, a cloak of life" is a work of literature, a "chaotic book of life." But in an American Indian village, the book will go unread, an irony beyond anyone's expectations. After celebrating the text with Borgesian intensity, Whittemore demolishes the book and leaves only the life and the chaos, sensuality and gibberish. With disarming understatement, Whittemore takes away what he has given. In the novel's most self-reflexive irony, Whittemore offers the best 1977 hope for Middle Eastern peace, realizes it in an ancient text, and destroys in 1942 its boldest dreamer. History and fiction are seldom so provocatively confused. □

The Environmental Menace

THE CANCER CONNECTION: And What We Can Do About It. *By Larry Agran. Houghton Mifflin Company. 220 pp. $8.95.*

ALBERT L. HUEBNER

The Conquest of Cancer Act, which launched the well-publicized "war on cancer" at the beginning of the 1970s, had as its overall goal "to develop the means to reduce the incidence, morbidity, and mortality in humans." In the years that followed, the Congress and two administrations competed to show the public who cared most about cancer. One result was that the budget of the National Cancer Institute, charged with the major responsibility in the anti-cancer campaign, has more than tripled since 1971. But the cancer death rate continued to increase by about 1 percent annually during the first half of this decade, as it has since 1933. In 1976 an estimated 675,000 new cases were detected and there were 370,000 cancer deaths, or more than eight times as many deaths from cancer last year alone as U.S. military deaths in the Vietnam and Korea war years combined.

Albert Huebner teaches physics at California State University and does documentary programming on science and health for radio station KPFK in Los Angeles.

Larry Agran, in writing *The Cancer Connection*, has joined a small but growing group of scientists, attorneys and consumer advocates critical of priorities set for the national cancer program, with their emphasis on clinical research and construction of clinical facilities. Current policy largely ignores the major development in modern cancer research: cancer is predominantly (perhaps as much as 90 percent) caused by environmental factors. Although Agran seems to suggest that virtually all of these cases can be prevented, which is very unlikely, it is incontestably true that large numbers of human cancers are preventable. Given that the five-year survival rates of the most common cancers have not improved very much in the past two decades, prevention appears to be a more effective, not to mention a more humane, way to deal with the disease.

This emphasis on the humane, which is to say the human, is a vital element in *The Cancer Connection*. Agran, an attorney, director of UCLA's History of Cancer Control Project, and author of several articles on occupational cancer, knows the legal and technical aspects of his subject. He is competent to describe the sea of carcinogens in the workplace and elsewhere. The central point, however, is that many, if not all, of these cancer-causing agents can be eliminated. It is regrettable, but hardly surprising, that Agran has to point the way, has to assume a responsibility rejected by government agencies charged with protecting the public's health.

A vital first step toward this protection is the screening of new chemicals by bioassay—animal tests—before they are allowed to enter the human environment, combined with a long-term test program of untested chemicals already in use. This is a large and expensive task, primarily, as Agran notes, "because the neglect has itself been of a staggering magnitude." At that, the estimated cost is small compared to the measurable costs of cancer itself. And it is the enormous importance that animal testing will necessarily play in bringing cancer under control which underlines governmental irresponsibility in the current saccharin controversy.

Each time animal studies have been used to remove a dangerous substance from the American diet, the food industry and its medical allies have argued that animal tests are not applicable to human beings and, even if they were, the amounts of the substance fed the animals are unrealistic. As if by design, the Food and Drug Administration couched its official announcement of the proposed saccharin ban in a way that could only bolster these arguments, stating that the dosages fed the rats were "in excess of the amount that a consumer would receive from drinking 800 12-ounce diet sodas daily over a lifetime." The FDA and other government agencies created to protect the public threw away this opportunity to *educate* the public on the principles and the importance of bioassays.

The facts are simple enough. All known human carcinogens, with the possible exception of arsenic, cause cancer in animals; several human carcinogens were first identified in animal studies. This strongly supports the view that chemicals that cause cancer in animals will cause cancer in human beings as well. In view of the wide variety of human cancers, the thousands of possible carcinogens in the environment, and the complex pattern of exposure, direct demonstration in human beings requires difficult and lengthy studies that, in effect, use human beings as test animals. All too often, this "human testing," which could be avoided by animal studies, has been the course followed.

The high dosage given test animals rests on simple statistics. Large doses improve the chances of detecting cancer in the relatively small number of animals used in bioassays, as well as compen-

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sating for their shorter life span. The Canadian saccharin study, for example, used only 200 rats. This test method assumes, of course, that what causes cancer at high doses will cause cancer, though in proportionately fewer cases, at low doses. There is no reason for disbelieving this. In fact, test animals may be considerably less sensitive to carcinogens than human beings. Agran recounts the difficulties researchers had in producing tumors in test animals with certain aniline dyes; workers with long-term exposure to these dyes were succumbing to bladder cancer at rates approaching 100 percent. It is also noteworthy that, contrary to another myth, not all substances, nor even most, cause cancer when given in very high doses.

The failure of the FDA to justify its proposed ban and to explain animal testing has precipitated renewed and highly orchestrated cries of government interference. Big Brother, it is argued, even wants to dictate what we can and cannot eat. Although Agran completed *The Cancer Connection* before the saccharin controversy arose, his program for conquering the cancer pox compelled him to examine the charge of "too much government." The central issue here, as in many other areas, is not so much the extent of governmental intervention as it is in whose interests and under whose control that intervention takes place. Agran brings the point home in his account of the role played by Congress in alerting the public to the hazard of tobacco use, the single most important environmental agent in cancer.

The first major American study illustrating this cancer connection was published in 1941 by Alton Ochsner and Michael DeBakey, the now famous heart surgeon. The evidence against tobacco piled up for the next two decades, but while the media abounded in commercials about the pleasure and social importance of smoking, the cancer connection was consistently underreported. Throughout this period, and even immediately following release of the Surgeon General's report early in 1964, Congress took no action except quietly to *foster* tobacco growth and sales by steadily increasing agricultural and marketing subsidies.

The first governmental response to the Surgeon General's report came from the Federal Trade Commission, which proposed that every cigarette advertisement *in any medium* include a stiff warning of the hazards. The effect on sales would have been pronounced. Congress reacted by passing a labeling act that blocked the FTC's proposed regulation, requiring instead a watered-down warning to be displayed, inconspicuously, only on cigarette packages and cartons. Not surprisingly, the legislation had little effect on per capita cigarette consumption.

Advertising is at the heart of the smoking habit, but it isn't immune to effective health education. When the "fairness doctrine" was invoked, broadcast advertising had to compete with a potent, though much smaller, anti-cigarette campaign. During this period of mass media education on the hazards of smoking, an unprecedented 10 million Americans quit smoking. The messages that made this experiment in health education a stunning success received virtually no financial support from the federal government. Worse yet, as the labeling act neared expiration, Congress reentered the picture to enact the Public Health Cigarette Smoking Act, in many ways more disastrous to the public's health than the earlier legislation. The new bill strengthened the warning on the package ever so slightly. Its major provision banned radio and television cigarette advertising, starting on January 2, 1971. Agran notes the priorities dictating that effective date: "Congress chose January 2 instead of January 1 to allow one final blast of advertising on New Year's Day when Americans by the tens of millions were watching the football bowl games." Cigarette companies spent $2.2 million in television advertising on that last day alone.

Cigarette promoters subsequently shifted most of their radio and television advertising to other media. More significantly, the ban on cigarette advertising over the electronic media eliminated the highly effective anti-cigarette campaign as well. Predictably, the sharp four-year decline in cigarette consumption was reversed in 1971.

Agran lays out an eminently reasonable program that a responsible Congress could enact to reduce the hazard of smoking to the public's health: an anti-smoking media campaign comparable to that of 1967-70, a revision of present subsidies to assist tobacco farmers in converting to socially useful crops, and an end to the tax deductibility of cigarette advertising that requires the public to pay $100 million annually to help the tobacco industry sell cancer (and other diseases). As with his call for expanded bioassays, tighter controls on exposure of human beings to carcinogens of all kinds, and an advocacy-oriented Cancer Prevention Agency, this requires a strikingly different posture by

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the federal government, embodying promotion of the public good over private interest, than it has traditionally assumed.

This new posture, which can be created only by strong public pressure, isn't very likely to occur. Yet there are some encouraging signs. Intense campaigns by active citizens' groups have forced legalization of Laetrile in several states and renewed testing of its efficacy by NCI. That intensity suggests public exasperation with the national cancer program; it is regrettable that, so far, the pressure has been in behalf of an alternative cure rather than prevention —a highly dubious cure, at that.

It is in improving the thrust of public demand for effective governmental action that Agran's book can play a vital role. *The Cancer Connection* forcefully illustrates that the conquest of cancer must be primarily through prevention, and that the cancer problem is now more political than scientific. Agran has provided us with a valuable training manual for a renewed war on cancer. □

An Exchange of Views:

Ruth M. Lewis & Jose Yglesias

There are certain statements and inaccuracies in Jose Yglesias's review of *Four Men: Living the Revolution* [*The Nation*, June 18] that I cannot let go by without comment and correction. To take them in order of their presentation, Yglesias implied that Oscar Lewis went to Cuba to show that the revolution did away with some of the negative psychological aspects of the culture of poverty. It is incorrect to say that he was committed to a preconception of what he would find; he went with a sympathetic but open mind, as an uncommitted social scientist, to see what had happened to people in the culture of poverty under socialism and he had, as we mentioned several times in *Four Men*, actually revised his estimate of the extent of change he had anticipated in his introduction to *La Vida*.

Mr. Yglesias deplored the restraint of my description of the events leading to the premature end of the research project in Cuba and somehow attributed it to my lack of a sense of history. My restraint was deliberate precisely because I did not believe that what had happened to us was the most important or the least understandable event and should, therefore, not be blown out of proportion. What *was* important historically were the experiences and attitudes of the various Cubans presented in the three volumes. That Yglesias saw that in reverse is disappointing and inexplicable. His preoccupation with the incident at the expense of the rest of the book may be due to the fact that my husband had confided part of the story to a few friends, including Yglesias, with the understanding that they were not to repeat it. In his eagerness to tell the "inside story," Yglesias saw fit to repeat part of it, ostensibly to correct my version but actually making a few errors in the process. The point is, in my telling of the incident I was careful to protect the identity of the people involved, whereas unfortunately Yglesias was not.

Yglesias made much of the fact that in describing the situation in Cuba in 1969-70 I did not mention the presence of the Soviet Union nor the conflicts within the Cuban leadership. I refer him to page xii, paragraph 2, of the Foreword where I specifically discuss the two factions within the leadership in relation to our project. As to the Soviet Union, it seems to me in using the terms "hardening" and the "turn" of the government in 1970 I was indicating the process of Sovietization that was taking place in Cuba at that time. I stand by my belief that the failure of the 10-million-ton sugar harvest and other economic difficulties in 1970 led to Cuba's increased dependence upon the Soviet Union and to the harder line toward artists, intellectuals and foreigners. I would like to know to what Mr. Yglesias attributes this development. And how would mentioning the role of the Soviet Union set straight the portraits of the four men and give a better understanding of their beliefs and prejudices? Does he believe that the sexist and racist thinking of our Cuban subjects would be interpreted differently if our readers were given more details about Soviet-Cuban relations?

We anticipated comparisons of these books on Cuba with Oscar's *Children of Sánchez* and *La Vida* but Yglesias's unabashed appreciation of the "master" as opposed to his "heirs" and disciples is a bit much and leads him into making several errors. He complains that with Lewis no longer there to organize the life stories although the "staff followed the footsteps of their master and had been scrupulous indeed," Susan Rigdon and I were limited by scholarly discipline and by dependence upon too many assistants, and inevitably produced "a camel." Yglesias apparently assumed that Oscar had produced his past works single-handedly, which is far from the truth. To see this one has only to read the long lists of acknowledgments that preface his books. It is ridiculous to believe that a family study like *La Vida*, which included a study of the slum in which the Rios family lived, as well as many of their relatives and neighbors, could be done by one man alone, or even with a small staff. . . .

Finally, it is irksome to be called a "disciple" after collaborating with my husband since 1943, and those who know Susan Rigdon will attest that the term fits her even less. . . . It is also annoying to be told, without a single example being given, that the footnotes, carefully researched by Dr. Rigdon, are not always thoroughgoing enough, "perhaps because of insufficient knowledge." This put-down would be more tolerable if it had not been made by a man whose own book on Cuba does not have a single footnote, even though footnotes are badly needed and Mr. Yglesias was in Cuba where source material was more easily available.

I would be puzzled by the ungenerosity of some of Yglesias's criticisms except for the fact that he seems so unaware of the methodology and purpose of this book, (which is not to entertain readers but to inform them on life in revolutionary Cuba), and that his bias, values and expectations are so clearly different from Susan's and mine. *Ruth M. Lewis*

I wrote a rather long review of *Four Men*, but Ruth Lewis wants me to have written a monograph. I didn't expect she would like my "statements," but reviews are written for readers, not authors. As to "inaccuracies," these seem to be inventions of hers. Let me be brief:

(*1*) I didn't say Lewis went to Cuba with preconceptions. I said he had had evidence of significant change in the mentality of old Cuban interviewees of his, as he mentioned in the introduction to *La Vida* and to me. Indeed, I wrote, "Lewis did not set out in 1968 to beg the question . . . (there can be no doubt about the honesty with which he dealt with the materials of his research). . . ."

(*2*) When I said that the committee gave birth to a camel, I did not "assume" that Oscar Lewis worked with less of a retinue. Almost everyone knows how he worked, but I think he had the talent to draw together the work of his many assistants into something more cohesive than this book. I am not "unabashed" in my appreciation of Oscar Lewis. (Does she think I should be abashed?) I was not reviewing him, but I did suggest some limitations to his method when I said it "will not work in this instance," and that his "monologues in the past suffered from the difficulty of maintaining the illusion that the subjects were, in actuality, talking to you at the exhaustive length presented." I have other criticisms of his work, but this is not the place for them.

I think these are all the "inaccuracies" of which she accuses me. Now, for the "statements." She has made such a mess of my explanation of the significance of the Cuban leadership changing from the Guevarist to Soviet line that I must ask her to reread my review and I must remind readers that her portraits are intended to add up to "An Oral History of Contemporary Cuba."

True, I have never used footnotes, and

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God forbid I ever should. That academics' crutch must be avoided by all good writers: all facts and arguments find their true place in the body of any work. If Ruth Lewis means to continue producing books, she had better also learn that good writers entertain the reader and tell the truth. She must stop thinking of the truth as an "inside story." *Jose Yglesias*

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

The annual Festival of Contemporary Music at Tanglewood, sponsored by the Berkshire Music Center and the Fromm Music Foundation, is a refreshingly undoctrinaire affair. Among other things, it looks backward as well as forward, and with enthusiasm and conviction—not simply to the established monuments of contemporary literature but to the neglected, the half-forgotten, the works noted in the history books but rarely refreshed in our consciousness by live performances.

One such, this year, was Roger Sessions's Second Symphony (1946), known to most of us from the faded but respectable Mitropoulos recording (now available only in deplorable "phony stereo" on CRI SD-276). But a recording never changes, and our responses to it, if unchallenged, can sometimes become just as embalmed as the sounds in the grooves—and so it was exceptionally exciting to be led, in the marvelously energetic and accurate performance by the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra under Gunther Schuller, through the symphony's familiar logic as if through a fresh experience. For these young players, the shapes and rhythms were not at all mysterious, as they must have been for the Philharmonic men back in 1950; today, the import of the music is clear enough—in the fast movements, indeed, galvanizing; in the slow movement, simply eloquent in the composer's mastery of melodic breadth and harmonic tension. As with Sessions's Violin Concerto, it is a mystery why this piece isn't even on the fringes of the active repertory—its combination of surface and substance would appear to be irresistible, the infectious brio of the finale, with its festive descending chords, a sure bet to bring down the house—as it did on this occasion.

Two other Sessions works figured in the festival programs: the great Whitman cantata *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd* (see *The Nation*, April 19, 1975; a recording will be available this fall), and three piano pieces from a recent set of five—characteristically muscular in a variety of moods.

Another retrospective glance fell on the late Walter Piston, whose witty Divertimento, composed in the same year as the Sessions symphony but much more parochial in its personal, lyrical adaptation of a primarily Stravinskyan idiom, recalled the then apparently so great stylistic gulfs that divided the world of music. And George Antheil's 1925 *Jazz Symphony*, a single-movement work of ingenuity and considerable craftsmanship, recalled still another period, one of brash optimism. (A recording of Antheil works, including this one, has appeared in Europe and will doubtless turn up here shortly.)

But these backward looks didn't obscure the main purpose of the festival, which dealt primarily with music of the 1970s—a time rent by more stylistic diversity than any other in musical history (more, indeed, than a five-day festival can possibly aspire to encompass), but also, on the evidence of what was heard at Tanglewood, a time in which optimism about contemporary compositional talent is warranted. In nineteen works by composers ranging in age from Elliott Carter (b. 1908, represented by his 1974 Brass Quintet) to Michael Martin (b. 1943, whose Composition for Nine Instruments hid considerable wit behind its sober title and somewhat pointillistic texture), there were few duds, and many successes. One apparent failure, Alexander Goehr's *Lyric Pieces* for eight players, can probably be ascribed to an incomprehending performance (really the only such among all the recent works heard at the festival), and two pieces for six percussionists, Xenakis's *Persephassa* and *Hiérophonie* V by the Japanese Yoshihisa Taira, made their success only at a visceral level. Among the works on the chamber concerts, I much enjoyed Donald Martino's finely crafted *Seven Pious Pieces* for chorus (of which a recording is in the offing); Edward Cohen's *Elegy*, setting poems by Hilda Doolittle; Yehudi Wyner's *Serenade* (a work of 1958, recorded on CRI 141); and Theodore Antoniou's engaging, showy *Three Likes* for clarinet, played with great flair by John Fullam.

And there were three orchestral works that spoke with special eloquence of their composers' zest for, and mastery of, this still valuable medium. Schuller's own Violin Concerto (played with marvelous security by Zvi Zeitlin on one of the weekend Boston Symphony concerts, the composer conducting) established and developed with fine dramatic aptness a clear, high-lying, virtuosic character for the solo instrument, set off against clearly demarcated sequences of orchestral material. In the final movement, a variation-rondo drawing on popular styles, one felt that perhaps the transitions between the styles might have been more organic, less abrupt, but the concerto as a whole impressed as a confident, involving work, clothed in the gorgeous instrumental raiment that one has come to expect from a composer who surely deserves, among many distinctions, the sobriquet of "the American Rimsky-Korsakov."

Tales of a Summer Sea was, surprisingly enough, the first work for full orchestra by the French-American composer Betsy Jolas—one would hardly have guessed it from the mercurial intensity with which she weaves her orchestral fabric into a work of almost Mahlerian weight yet Debussyan clarity. Miss Jolas, whose work also figured prominently in last summer's Tanglewood festival, surely deserves even more attention than she has begun to receive in America, for hers is a fastidious, imaginative musical mind. *Tales of a Summer Sea* and William Thomas McKinley's briefer, coruscatingly urgent Concertino both received brilliant first performances on this occasion, a remarkable achievement on the part of Schuller and the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra; one hopes to hear them again soon, but hazards that few orchestras will play them better. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

"Then a new king ascended the throne of Egypt, one who knew nothing of Joseph." This line which opens the Old Testament book of Exodus is one of the earliest recorded observations of the "generation gap." All literate Englishmen are aware of Edmund Kean's reputation (1787-1823); the same is true of Frenchmen in regard to that regal tigress, Rachel (1821-58), as educated Germans are of Josef Kainz (1851-1910). Our Edwin Booth is probably remembered chiefly because his brother, John Wilkes, shot Lincoln.

Teaching a graduate class in theatre at Hunter College, I was shocked to learn that more than half the students had never heard of Alfred Lunt. Lunt was born in 1893 and died early in August, as did another outstanding but less celebrated actor of the same period, Jacob Ben-Ami. Now in this uneventful moment between seasons, I find it owing

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to our history to write of them both for the benefit of those who have forgotten or who are unfamiliar with their signal merit.

To speak first of the less eminent, I am reminded that Stark Young, the most perceptive critic of acting in the 1920s, spoke of Ben-Ami in *Samson and Delilah* (produced in 1920) in the highest praise. (Earlier it had been done here on the Yiddish stage where the actor was "discovered" by Arthur Hopkins.) And Lee Strasberg, keen judge of acting that he is, told me some years later that he regarded Ben-Ami's performance in that play the most poignant model of realistic acting he had ever seen.

Samson and Delilah, a translation from the Swedish, had nothing to do with the Biblical story. It was a play about a dramatist's relation to the world of the stage-actors and audience—and his betrayal by both. In 1923 the Theatre Guild presented H.R. Lenormand's *The Failures* in which Ben-Ami was cast as another dramatist, driven to suicide by the wretchedness of a road tour in the French provinces. He played still another writer in Eugene O'Neill's *Welded* and a composer in a German play about a "Johannes Kreisler."

Most of these parts provide a clue to the nature of Ben-Ami's talent. If he was not an "intellectual" (he directed many productions: one of them with Alfred Lunt in Franz Werfel's *Goat Song*) he was one of the few actors who was convincing as a man of mind and profound intuition. Though he was brilliant in the comedy of eccentric personality, he was essentially a tragic actor. He embodied the tragedy of disability in contradistinction to the tragedy of strength, of which the Greeks and the Elizabethans offer the best examples. It is significant that tragedy of the latter sort ever since 1917 has been beyond the scope of most American actors.

We too often speak of "great" actors. There have actually been only a few at any time. What does being "great" in regard to acting really mean? It means the ability to express something more than proficiency in verisimilitude, the bare projection of the material at hand. Thus, in a scene I shall never forget, Ben-Ami as the playwright in *Samson and Delilah* explains the plot of the play of that name which he has written. His narrative was quiet, unemphatic and entirely without sentimentality or pretentiousness; but we sensed, as Ben-Ami spoke the rather colorless lines, the hurt of the artist who feels that the true import of what he is saying is not understood by the person whom he is addressing. The suffering of loneliness, of estrangement from his colleagues and audience became the aura and "music" of the scene, a meaning beyond the commonplace meaning.

Ben-Ami's effectiveness was limited by his accent (neither particularly Jewish nor Russian), the lack in our theatre structure of permanent companies and, above all, the fact that when he was not genuinely inspired his acting tended to become opaque: we could not discern what he was about. At his best, however, his performance gave rise to what Stark Young called "the flower in drama," true glamour.

Alfred Lunt was universally acclaimed the finest American actor in the generation which followed John Barrymore. He was delightful in comedy (in Molnar's *The Guardsman*, for instance) and subtly affecting in serious roles. Rather than attaining the heights or depths of tragedy, except perhaps in Dürrenmatt's *The Visit*, he excelled in pathos. There was a special vulnerability in almost all his playing, an almost feminine, though tearless, touch. This, even more than his instinctive stage sense (Lynn Fontanne, his wife, was the more calculating technician), gave each of his performances its peculiar appeal.

One of his most telling characterizations was in S.N. Behrman's *The Second Man*. It dealt with an urbane and rather flashily successful writer who was all affability and grace in whom there lurked a little demon of sophisticated malice, an ineradicable skepticism not unlike café-society spite. Unconsciously, Lunt reversed the picture. The facile wit contained in Behrman's dialogue became the mask; the wounded and tender being beneath was the authentic man. Indeed it was the tenderness in Lunt which made him so beloved an actor. His limitation was that he never assayed the truly great roles as most English stars have done. But, wonder of wonders, Lunt seemed to recognize his limitations. At one of the last rehearsals of *The Sea Gull* in which he played Trigorin, he was heard to say, "Perhaps we're not good enough for this play."

As Dimitri in Jacques Copeau's dramatization of *The Brothers Karamazov*, he had the character's hysteria but little of the tempestuous masculine drive. At rehearsal, Copeau, who directed, whispered to me, *"C'est un gosse"*: he's a kid. But it was just the kid in him, a mode of innocence and purity, which rendered Lunt's acting enchanting. The difficulty Lunt and Copeau had in understanding each other lay, perhaps, in the actor's being so thoroughly American.

The wholly red-white-and-blue Lunt was charming in European comedy, especially of the Hungarian and Viennese variety. (There was in his speech an odd shade of Scandinavian accent, probably a faint echo of some of his Midwestern neighbors of Norse extraction.) Olivier and Richardson among many other British actors revered him particularly for the ready flow of his emotion, at all times generous, unpremeditated, natural. □

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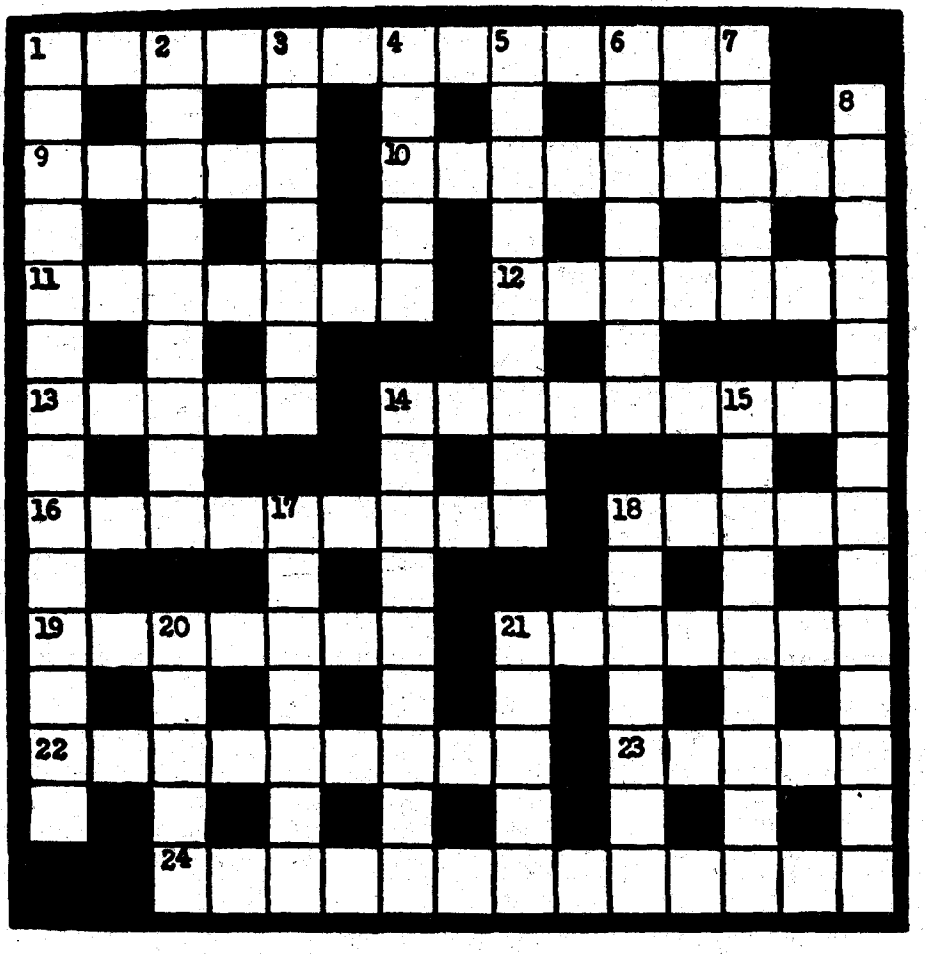

ACROSS

1 Where one might expect a strong man to have cleaned up on the job. (6,7)
9 The proverbial good used car had one, in the ads. (5)
10 Associated with a heavy snowfall. (9)
11 This old setting is rather stupid. (7)
12 and 13 Disproving John Donne, geographically? (3,4,2,3)
14 Flushing might suggest the smell of hayseed. (9)
16 Let in an old-fashioned way, and enrich in another way. (9)
18 This on pie should be ordered. (5)
19 A minister in a principality perhaps walks awkwardly. (7)
21 Double entry for them in an early stock flotation scheme. (7)
22 Usher in a movie version of the Taj Mahal? (9)
23 She was instructed to take up arms, and show title as a result. (5)
24 See 2 down.

DOWN

1 Reputedly sufficient to throw aside, we find after a fashion. (1,4,2,3,4)
2 and 24 across By implication, a fair choice for a title. (The sequel implied they find the proper selection in the dark.) (9,6,7)
3 Put on trial, it sounds quite a downfall. (7)
4 You might make your point in court this way. (5)
5 Notice the following is suitable and skillful, and altogether capable of adjustment. (9)
6 Raises up a little way in the glass, perhaps. (7)
7 Fires, perhaps, and bags things this way. (5)
8 You'll never want to relax with it! (14)
14 A revolutionary king earns this, but it can't hurt. (4,5)
15 In the matter of sex, plain education is shown, in a way. (9)
17 Is it right to sort of please, if you have such a let-down? (7)
18 Excited, but it's only a way of playing! (7)
20 You might with 17, but it's nothing to fall down about. (5)
21 Bitter sounding Yugoslavian citizen, probably. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1691

ACROSS: 1 Articles of war; 10 Tulip; 11 Gerfalcon; 12 Parasites; 13 Knife; 14 Minor prophet; 19 Freight train; 22 Irons; 24 Dogmatism; 25 Andromeda; 26 Onion; 27 One and the same. DOWN: 2 Rulers; 3 In passing; 4 Lights out; 5 Surfs; 6 Frank; 7 Arc light; 8 Stops; 9 Insects; 15 Paragraph; 16 Oviparous; 17 African; 18 Beholden; 20 Miriam; 21 Amend; 23 Stoma; 24 Dread.

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